

The Nation

FOUNDED 1865

Vol. CXVII

NEW YORK, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24, 1923

No. 3042

Contents

EDITORIAL PARAGRAPHS.....	449
EDITORIALS:	
Mr. Hughes Makes a Secret Alliance.....	452
A Challenge to Henry Ford.....	453
Reason in Fiction.....	453
Irish Prisons.....	454
Bones of Camels.....	454
WHAT OF THE LEAGUE? By Oswald Garrison Villard.....	455
LOOKING ON. By Art Young.....	457
RAILROADS AND THE MECHANICS OF SOCIAL POWER:	
II. The Technique of Industrial Monopoly. By Amos Pinchot.....	458
WHY IRISH LABOR FAILED. By Henry W. Nevins.....	460
WHITE, PROTESTANT, AND DRY. By William Hard.....	461
IN THE DRIFTWAY. By the Drifter.....	462
CORRESPONDENCE.....	463
WOODSMAN. By Genevieve Taggard.....	464
BOOKS:	
I. Pyramus —. By Burton Rascoe.....	464
Heretical Orthodoxy and the Cycle. By Henry Raymond Mussey.....	465
New Unionism for Old. By David E. Lilienthal.....	466
After "La Garçonne," "Le Compagnon." By Martha Gruening.....	466
Spurious Anthropology. By Johan J. Smertenko.....	468
Books in Brief.....	468
DRAMA:	
Muted Strings. By Ludwig Lewisohn.....	469
INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS SECTION:	
Republican Prisoners in the Irish Free State:	
An Official Protest.....	471
The Red Cross Inquiry.....	471
An Answer to the Red Cross.....	473

OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD, EDITOR

ASSOCIATE EDITORS

LEWIS S. GANNETT

ARTHUR WARNER

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

FREDA KIRCHWEY

IRITA VAN DOREN

MANAGING EDITOR

LITERARY EDITOR

ISABEL LA MONTE, ADVERTISING MANAGER

CONTRIBUTING EDITORS

ANATOLE FRANCE

JOHN A. HOBSON

NORMAN THOMAS

ROBERT HERRICK

H. L. MENCKEN

CARL VAN DOREN

SUBSCRIPTION RATES:—Five dollars per annum postpaid in the United States and Mexico; to Canada, \$5.50, and to foreign countries of the Postal Union, \$6.00.

THE NATION, 20 Vesey Street, New York City. Cable Address: NATION, New York. Chicago Office: 1170 People's Gas Building. British Agent for Subscriptions and Advertising: Ernest Thurtle, 36, Temple Fortune Hill, N. W. 4, England.

WHATEVER subject he chooses to make his own, Gifford Pinchot manages to turn into a challenge to the administration and policies of Calvin Coolidge. First coal, now liquor. His attitudes are quite unimpeachable—and he gets there first. We do not suspect Governor Pinchot's sincerity; he may want to be President, but we have no reason to suppose that he does not as honestly want the laws enforced. He is in politics in the public interest, and we need more whose purposes are as untainted as his. But nevertheless the challenge exists. His every act seems to say: "If Calvin Coolidge wants to be elected President he will have to keep jumping." As for the non-enforcement of the prohibition law, is there any doubt that it is a gross scandal, a piece of public dishonesty so blatant that private decency itself disintegrates in the face of it?

WE have been in small Jersey coast towns which have lost their bearings entirely in a flood of graft and easy money. When the owner of a power-boat plying between the rum-fleet and the coast gets \$5 a case for all whiskey brought ashore, and lands several hundred cases in a night; when the men that help unload get \$1 a case, and the revenue officers \$2 protection money; when these things happen, and everyone is happy and serene—even the ultimate consumer who is too thirsty to cavil at extortion-

ate prices—why should anyone be either honest or law-abiding? Mr. Hard, in another column, suggests that other Federal amendments deserve the equal attention of law-enforcers such as Governor Pinchot—the enfranchisement of Negroes, for instance, and free speech for us all. His plea is a fine one and we agree with him, but we must admit that there is a degree of actual overt dishonesty and corruption in the liquor situation that is not involved in these old sores. In any case we can hardly object to the enforcement of a law simply because other laws are not enforced. Either we must pass measures that will be obeyed or we must make people obey the measures that are passed. Mr. Pinchot is choosing the second course, and Mr. Coolidge, with less ardor, will doubtless choose it too.

IT takes bloodshed to put Germany on the front page now. Mere unemployment, mere starvation, mere food riots are old stories. But the process of degeneration continues, and Poincaré still betrays no hint of readiness to discuss matters on a common-sense basis. The French papers do indeed show a glimmering recognition of the fact that military victory has its limitations. Passive resistance has ceased, but the Ruhr is not yet functioning and producing. Before the French invasion Germany was paying the coal-owners who shipped reparations coal to France; now Germany cannot pay, and if the French Government is to get the coal it must itself pay. The coal owners are willing to ship the coal to France, but someone must pay them the wages they have to pay to their miners. France threatened to seize the coal tax, but part of the price Stresemann had to pay the industrialists for their support of his dictatorship measure was the abolition of the coal tax.

STRESEMANN hardly seems made to play the role of dictator. His voice trembled when he asked the Reichstag to give him plenary powers, and he did not put the motion until after prolonged bargaining with both industrialists and Socialists. Whether, once the argumentative Reichstag is out of the way, he will show a stronger face, is yet to be seen. The plan to force payment of taxes in gold instead of in shifting paper values is the necessary first step to order, but it is doubtful whether any German currency can be stabilized until some sort of understanding is reached with the French Government. Just why the Socialists felt it necessary to pledge their support to dictatorship is not clear. They still have the power, under a constitutional provision, to reconvene the Reichstag, and probably they regard that as their salvation. Meanwhile, with parliament out, the political battle continues between the state governments. When Bavaria went under virtually royalist control, Saxony and Thuringia reverted to their earlier Socialist-Communist coalition governments. There is plenty of explosive material in Germany just waiting to be stepped on.

PERHAPS the American press, reputed to be an accurate reflector of public opinion, has misled us a bit in regard to popular approval in this country of the French occupation of the Ruhr. We note, at least, that two college

audiences, after listening to a debate on the question, have voted overwhelmingly against French policy. A Harvard team did its best to uphold the occupation against attack by the visiting debaters from Oxford University, but the audience voted its disapproval of the treatment of Germany 1,748 to 590, or nearly three to one; and this, it should be observed, in what may be called the intellectual center of pro-French sentiment in this country. Two nights later an audience in New Haven, after listening to a Yale-Oxford debate on the same question, voted 776 to 286 against the French occupation.

MR. LLOYD GEORGE'S tour is not to include Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, or the Falkland Islands, so the inhabitants of those various sections of the British Empire will have to miss, for the present, the exhilarating assurance, on the highest of all authorities, that the assistance they rendered at a critical moment saved civilization. The lack of this testimonial will perhaps be endured with the more equanimity from the fact that almost every day makes it more doubtful whether the war saved civilization after all. That there was nothing final about it seems, indeed, to be the one conviction that today unites those who preached it as a holy crusade. Mr. Lloyd George says at Toronto that he had hoped the last war would have put an end to war, but he sees imminent the menace of an even greater catastrophe unless the British Empire, by increasing her own strength, can "teach the world to keep out of war." And Lord Grey warns a London audience that it is "not so indisputably true yet" that in the last war militarism was defeated. That would depend on the answer to the question whether the peoples of Europe had been so penetrated, by the experience of the last war, with the sense that war was a great disaster that they would in future settle their disputes by some other means. If militarism, he added, was to gain ascendancy over the spirit of those who won the last war, it would not have been defeated but would have won. That "if" was a pleasant euphemism.

TALK of an "armed uprising" in the Philippines does not come from the Filipino leaders but from trouble-making Americans who want to discredit the Filipinos at home. The leaders of the independence movement in the islands are the same men who have peacefully and effectively cooperated with the various American civil administrations which preceded that of General Wood. The new factor in the situation is the general, and it is plain that he does not know how to adjust himself to a civilian's job. He may be a good army officer, but he is not fitted to participate in a task of democratic administration. He has failed. For Secretary Weeks to go on parrot-like reiterating that he will support General Wood to the limit is to repeat the most common failure of colonial bureaucrats. The Harding Administration would have avoided a lot of trouble if it had recalled Governor Reily from Porto Rico as soon as his unfitness became evident, and Mr. Weeks and Mr. Coolidge are only storing up trouble by delaying the recall of Leonard Wood.

FROM the moment that Governor Walton announced his intention to prevent a legally called election in Oklahoma his downfall has been predictable. For a quarter of a century the American people have been accustoming them-

selves to industrial dictatorship, and since the European War they have submitted to a high degree of political autocracy on the part of the Federal executive departments, but they are not ready yet to give up their right to the ballot. In attacking that fundamental the Governor showed the poorest possible generalship. He went farther than most of the post-war crop of European dictators, undoubtedly leaving many Oklahomans sympathetic toward the anti-Klan campaign to break away and join in the three-to-one popular vote invoking a special session of a legislature that was bent on destroying the Governor. But, though Governor Walton's attempted dictatorship has failed, the Klan does not emerge triumphant. The Democratic Party in the State is said to be determined upon some kind of anti-Klan legislation in order to save its political future, and the head of the Klan in Oklahoma is himself advocating an anti-masking law, with reservations that would prevent the act from upsetting the organization's ceremonials. Furthermore, the call for a mobilization of Klansmen of the Southwest at Dallas, Texas, is not necessarily the proof of strength that is suggested in most of the newspaper dispatches; the object is perhaps defensive quite as much as offensive. Indeed the Klan may have reached the position at which the American Legion arrived a couple of years ago, when opposition both within and without impelled that organization to modify its tactics.

ISRAEL ZANGWILL'S descent upon New York, his triumphal seizure of columns of front-page newspaper space, the crowding thousands that heard him speak at Carnegie Hall—all testify to the man's hold on the imagination of his own people and, to only a little less degree, of all Americans. He is able to say sharp things and some wise things and remain intact. No one can excommunicate him, because he is already apart. He is a person and a power, but he is not a leader because he refuses identity with any followers. And the fact that he is an artist gives him an added strength of aloofness. His place as a writer and a public man is clearly defined in an article which we shall publish next week by Johan J. Smertenko. His place in the immediate controversy over Zionism and the role of the Jews in Palestine is less easy to discuss. The issues are not clear. That French and British wrangling—and the existence of a large unreconciled Arab majority—make the hope of complete Jewish control in Palestine a dream is obvious; Jews of all nationalities in Palestine will have to be Englishmen first. But it is not quite as obvious that there will be no political future for the Jewish race even under the domination of Great Britain. Culturally the Jews may modify and mold that part of the Near East as Englishmen and Frenchmen can never do. Politically the Jews may come to form a sort of solvent in the ferment of Near Eastern politics; they may well hold the balance of power between the forces that find themselves in conflict there. We should like to hear the answer of Dr. Weizmann, that "distinguished chemist," to the epitaph on Jewish hopes pronounced by Mr. Zangwill.

MUNSEY, Stinnes, and Hearst are mere pikers beside the British newspaper-owners. Lord Rothermere, brother of the late Lord Northcliffe, and Lord Beaverbrook, who is a forty-four-year-old Canadian, recently bought the Hulton papers for the trifling sum of thirty million dollars,

and Lord Beaverbrook is reported since to have added the *Pall Mall Gazette* to his *Daily Express* and to the *Evening Standard*, which is his share of the Hulton properties. His three London papers, however, are nothing compared to Rothermere's string. Rothermere was a newspaper-owner on his own account when his brother died, leaving him the main heir to the Associated Newspapers and other Northcliffe properties. The *Daily Mail*, which claims the largest circulation in the world, the *Daily Mirror*, which closely trails the *Mail*, the *Evening News* are his in London, and with them go some seventy-five weekly and monthly publications, and daily papers in Glasgow, Leeds, and Manchester. Some of these papers have been paying their enterprising owner 60 per cent profit annually for several years. It is estimated that Rothermere's papers reach nearly 90 per cent of the British reading public, and his chief rival, the Berry group, which bid against him for the Hulton papers, controls a group of newspapers equal in importance to the Hearst press in this country. When financiers operate such enormous sections of the press as profit-making ventures, is it any wonder that men study anxiously Mr. Astor's attempt to make the London *Times* a semi-public trust, and that workers make huge sacrifices to build up a press of their own?

FAR from getting better, housing conditions in New York City have grown worse in the last three years, according to a mass of testimony submitted to the State Housing Commission, which is trying to determine whether the emergency rent laws of 1920 ought to be reenacted by the legislature. From 600,000 to 700,000 persons are virtually without homes, it was asserted, living herded with others in tenement-house apartments. One case was cited of forty-two persons occupying one five-room apartment and sleeping in shifts. Plenty of new housing has been built for the well-to-do, but in the last three years only one building has been completed with apartments to let for as little as \$10 per room per month—and that by a philanthropic organization. No intelligent person expected that New York's emergency rent laws would build new houses, but they were expected to protect the tenant from profiteering landlords. Even this hope has been only partially realized, as landlords have often made life unbearable for persons who have stood upon their legal rights, and have used the legislation as an excuse for insufficient heat and an almost unanimous refusal to make repairs. Added to the housing crisis is the fuel shortage. So far this winter dealers have generally refused to quote a definite price or date of delivery. The consumer must take his chances on both—or nothing. Actually, buyers in small lots have paid \$17 to \$20 a ton. "It's great to be a New Yorker," says the Interborough Rapid Transit Company's *Subway Sun*. Sure—provided you don't mind the lack of a roof over your head, or object to freezing to death for lack of coal.

IF General James E. Oglethorpe, the founder of Georgia, had a sense of humor, his spirit must be chuckling hugely as it roves along the banks of the Styx and considers what a to-do they are making here on earth over his poor bones after he has been dead—and all but forgotten—for 138 years. He has had more newspaper publicity in the last few weeks than he obtained during his entire lifetime, and hundreds of persons who never heard of him until this autumn have suddenly become violently passionate

about the future resting-place of whatever dust may be left of him. Is the American craze for change to have no limit? Having dug up our war dead from the only soil which in any true sense can be called consecrated, must we now disinter every other American or near-American who may have fallen by the way abroad? General Oglethorpe left Georgia of his own free will, and lived in England forty-two years thereafter without ever returning. Why bring him back forcibly now? But, of course, universities must live, and universities—like soap—live by advertising. Oglethorpe University has a president, and a university president must be a money-getter and a go-getter and—finally, it seems—a bone-getter. It is a little depressing, though, that a modern university should have expended so much more energy and passion on a dead general than on live professors.

A SUSPICION has been growing of late years that it might be just as well to treat university undergraduates as adults instead of as children. The creatures seemed to be getting out of hand, and sops like student self-government and the honor system at examinations and student members on the Faculty Committee on Student Affairs were thrown out from time to time by more than one harassed Alma Mater. But, of course, the cut system and compulsory attendance at classes was the prop on which the academic world rested. It seemed obvious that if a student did not have to come to class he would stay away; if you did not believe it, you could visit the classes yourself and see why. Now Princeton has taken the bold step of permitting the students to decide for themselves if and when they will attend classes. This puts a fearful responsibility on the instructor. Henceforth he must make his classes interesting. At the end of the course he will also have to prepare an examination determining less whether the student has mastered his facts than whether he has any ideas about them, or about anything. Some young gentlemen will never come to class at all, but if they do not and can satisfy the instructor in those two points, Princeton is ready to admit that it is all right. Common-sense sometimes sounds alarmingly revolutionary.

NEW YORK plays New York for the "world's championship" in a sport that is as narrowly national as buckwheat cakes—and half a million fans on the spot yell themselves hoarse while millions more listen to radio announcers until their feet grow cold and their noses run. Some millions of tongues stutter, with varying degrees of inaccuracy, the classic lines of Casey at the Bat when "Casey" Stengel knocks a home run into the right-field bleachers. Still more millions enthusiastically choral "Atta Baby" when George Herman Ruth clouts the ball clear outside the playing field. There is no common sense or philosophy to it. Half a dozen men own all the stock in both Yankees and Giants, and hardly half a dozen players on either team call New York home. When a psychologist turns up able to explain why a whole continent goes mad over a sport which has become a branch of big business he will probably be so wise that he can also tell us how to avoid the next war. Before that, however, if anyone ever listens to him long enough to understand what he is doing, he will probably be lynched. We might spare the games but we could never get along without the living literature which they inspire in the Heywood Browns and the Grantland Rices.

Mr. Hughes Makes a Secret Alliance

THE Republican Party, nominally, and a large number of American citizens, actually, are opposed to "entangling alliances." Yet without authority from Congress, and under cover of secret negotiations, Charles E. Hughes, as director of foreign affairs for the present Republican administration in Washington, has entangled the United States in an alliance which forms a new chapter in the most dangerous kind of imperialism.

By formal diplomatic agreement Mr. Hughes has allied the United States government with a group of investment bankers in making a loan of \$6,000,000 to the republic of Salvador, and he has pledged the services of the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court—or some other Federal judge—as arbitrator in a business transaction purely for private profit. In an editorial note two weeks ago on the Salvador loan we remarked that previous to the publication of its terms it was impossible to say what political control that country was ceding. The terms are before us now, and we are amazed not so much with what Salvador is giving for a mess of Wall Street pottage (for that is getting to be an old story among Latin American republics) as with what the United States is giving—the way in which Mr. Hughes has made the Department of State an agency for a group of financiers and has involved the Federal government in an undertaking which experience has proved to be the most potent cause of foreign aggression and imperialistic warfare in our day. The first paragraph of the bankers' circular inviting subscriptions to the loan puts it concisely:

The United States of America and El Salvador have entered into an exchange of formal diplomatic notes with reference to this loan . . . by which Salvador on its part assures the United States that it will cooperate in every respect with the government of the United States and the bankers in carrying out the terms of the loan contract, and the United States on its part takes cognizance of the terms of the loan contract and states that the Secretary of State of the United States is prepared to carry out the stipulations with reference to him in Articles IX, XIX, and XXIII of the loan contract should it be necessary to do so.

The articles alluded to provide, among other things, for reference of differences to the Chief Justice of the United States Supreme Court and for the appointment of Salvador's Collector General of Customs. The latter, it is provided, must be one of two persons nominated by the fiscal agent of the American bankers "with the concurrence of the Secretary of State of the United States," which nominations "shall be transmitted to the republic through the Department of State of the United States." Thus both the judicial and the executive branches of the United States government are committed to the flotation and collection of this loan. The only branch not included is the legislative, and this branch Mr. Hughes studiously ignored, although his "agreements" with Salvador are far more important actually and potentially than most negotiations which when classed as "treaties" require the consent of the Senate for their ratification.

Mr. Hughes's action constitutes secret diplomacy at its worst. No adequate information of what was going on was permitted to reach the public until the agreement was completed. Then the important details were divulged only to

prospective purchasers of bonds in a brokers' circular impudently marked: "For confidential use of addressee only. Not to be reprinted." *The Nation* takes pleasure in making public some of the salient data in this circular without permission and without apology. We think, for instance, that the circular hits the nail on the head when it says:

The State Department of the U. S. government has inquired into the price which the bankers are paying for this loan as it wants Salvador to get a fair deal. Per contra, the bondholders are entitled to and will unquestionably receive the full protection of their own government. This protection is promised under the contract in so far as it is provided that any dispute as to the terms of the contract is to be submitted by the Secretary of the State of the U. S. to the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court for adjudication and final determination, and Salvador agrees to abide by such a decision. In case the Chief Justice cannot act, any question is to be referred by the Secretary of State to some other Federal judge. It is simply not thinkable that after a Federal judge has decided any question or dispute between the bondholders and the Salvador government, that the U. S. government should not take the necessary steps to sustain such decision. There is a precedent in a dispute between Costa Rica and Panama, in which a warship was sent to carry out the verdict of the arbitrators.

Quite so.

We have spoken of this loan so far only as it affects the United States, because the most astonishing aspect is the way in which our government is made a participant—in everything except the profits. So far as Salvador is concerned, the loan presents an equally bad face. For the quarter century during which the bonds run, 70 per cent of the customs duties are to be paid direct to a representative of the bondholders in Salvador, and if this is not enough for the interest and sinking-fund charges in United States gold the entire customs may be demanded. In case of default the representative of the bondholders automatically fills the position of Collector General of Customs. As the brokers' circular neatly puts it: "The government [that of Salvador] at no time receives any of the money pledged for the benefit of the bondholders, but the bondholders collect this money themselves." It is further provided that during the life of the bond issue the customs duties, whether export or import, shall not be altered so as to reduce the gross revenues. Thus Salvador not only cedes her entire customs duties, if needed, for twenty-five years, but also pledges another generation to her present tariff policy.

One of the first duties of our new Congress should be to investigate this shameless transaction by an administration whose motto is "less government in business." Among the questions that may pertinently be asked we suggest:

Do the American people want the Department of State to make secret agreements with foreign countries and entangling alliances with international financiers?

Who gave Mr. Hughes the right to lay out work for the Chief Justice of the Supreme Court or other Federal judges?

Are American fathers and mothers agreed that their sons shall be marched into Latin America to lay down their lives in order that the world may be made safe for Wall Street investments?

A Challenge to Henry Ford

MR. WEEKS may be a tool of the interests as Henry Ford suggests, but his sale of the Gorgas steam plant to the Alabama Power Company does not prove it. Nor does Mr. Ford make a case for the necessity of keeping the Gorgas steam plant, ninety miles away, as an integral part of the Muscle Shoals hydro-electric development.

So honest a Senator as Mr. Norris of Nebraska, chairman of a committee which investigated this whole matter, thinks it probable that the relations between the government and the Alabama Power Company with regard to their respective rights in the Gorgas plant were so tangled that the only way out was for the government to sell to the Power Company. He believes if Mr. Ford had bought out the government he would probably have sold the Gorgas plant to the Alabama Power Company for about as much as he offered the government for the whole Muscle Shoals outfit, including Gorgas. The alternative would have been endless litigation, in which the power company would have tried to enforce the contract provision that it should have first option on the Gorgas property if the government sold.

At any rate the government got \$3,500,000 for the Gorgas plant which cost about \$5,000,000. This may be bad but it is rather better than Mr. Ford's offer of \$5,000,000 for real estate, house, factories, equipment at Muscle Shoals, the Waco limestone quarry, and the Gorgas plant, for all of which the government paid about \$90,000,000.

From such a tangled mess of personalities and politics there seems to us one plain escape. Mr. Weeks suspects Mr. Ford of seeking a personal and political profit; Mr. Ford says that Mr. Weeks is playing into the hands of the big interests. Meanwhile, the farmers want nitrate, and they do not care very much whether Mr. Ford becomes President or what Mr. Weeks does for Wall Street if only they can get cheap fertilizer. Mr. Ford says he knows how to produce cheap fertilizer, and Mr. Weeks controls the power which Mr. Ford needs to produce it. Why not let Mr. Ford produce it, not for personal profit, but for the people? There could never be another doubt of Mr. Ford's sincerity if he would offer to hire himself out to the government as a dollar-a-year man, or better still at a moderate commercial salary, to develop Muscle Shoals as a great government-owned plant efficiently producing fertilizer at cost for the farmers of the United States.

Mr. Ford, Muscle Shoals seems to have fascinated you. Will you offer to head a commission of three, with, say, Senator Norris as one of your colleagues, to develop Muscle Shoals without a suspicion of private profit? Mr. Weeks, will you let Mr. Ford do it?

Reason in Fiction

SOME excellent and by no means hide-bound contemporaries are alarmed and shocked by the latest manners of the art of fiction; others are in a triumphant state about Mr. Joyce and Miss Richardson and Miss Woolf and Mr. Frank and speak of the amazing authenticity of the works of these and similar authors. We suspect that neither group is quite steadily keeping its eye on the object, as Wordsworth used to say, but that each is in reality waving a little private flag. The one group says under its breath: "This is disgusting and immoral. Is there to be no reserve or

decency? Shall both the mind and the body appear habitually naked? Man, after all, is an animal that wears clothes!" The other group says not quite so softly but rather in a stage whisper: "Off with the indecent rags. Let us have the naked truth. That is decent; that is moral."

No, we haven't the slightest intention of taking a middle ground, counseling moderation, saying: truth and authenticity are good things, but even a good thing can be overdone. Heaven forbid! Truth and authenticity cannot be overdone. Nothing that is human can or should be alien. In so far as the art of fiction can press closer and closer to the very core and quick of life it will become a greater and, in the Goethean sense, a more useful art.

Do we then belong to the heralds and proclaimers of the new fiction? We do not. We deny its authenticity; we deny that its crazy-quilt fragmentariness of form or that its endless rambling establish a closer contact between reality and itself than has been achieved by other men and other media. We deny, above all, that its complete neglect of the human mind brings us nearer to the inner truth of life.

The human mind is, to be sure, nothing to brag of. It has made a hash of civilization. To speak of the horse-sense of most people in this world is an insult to a noble and useful animal. But the human mind, such as it is, exists and functions. And when it functions well—a thing that happens, however rarely—it is the source of any hope we have. But it always functions somehow, usually quite violently, and usually, alas, the violence is not in proportion to the excellence of the functioning. Nothing is so common and widespread as the making of judgments. Bad judgments, no doubt. But there they are. Take men at their crudest. Are they without principle? Ah, if only they were! They are as stuffed with principle and principles as a pillow is stuffed with feathers. Only the principles are all mean and superstitious and barbarous. There is no endless stream of sensation and revery flowing through the consciousness of these gentlemen. They stop the stream. They put their foot down. They do what they call thinking. They pass moral judgments. They live, in their own conceit, in an ordered and rational universe. They mean to keep it so, even if they have to go night-riding.

What the new fiction misses is both the terror and the pathos of this fact. Man is, after his queer fashion, a reflective and moral being. He doesn't, as a matter of fact, live in a mental void. His ideas are, as a rule, phantoms and hobgoblins and no true ideas. But he thinks they are ideas. He thinks he thinks. He thinks he governs his life by his thinking. To exclude that consideration and that fact is to exclude half of life and the groundwork of life and all the genuine damnation or salvation that there is.

There is another and more vital consideration. It is the mark of the artist to be a thinker. He must dwell in what Plato calls an intelligible world. He knows the shadows on the wall of the cave to be but shadows. He sees under the aspect of eternity. He may be passionately absorbed in experience; thought is part of his passion. Even while he endures life he transcends it through his mind. His pangs are never blind; his very ache has vision. There is nothing so secret, so shameful, so pitiful, so perverse in all the world that he cannot treat it in writing unless and until he deliberately resigns the higher function of his being and silences that reason by virtue of which he stands above life even while he identifies himself with it. He may

become wholly one with the sorrows and aberrations of men. He may share with them everything except that ultimate and sovereign reason which stands aside and thinks the thoughts of eternity. We have a suspicion that the authors of some of the new fiction have silenced that voice within them. That is why the muddiness and earthiness in some of their work seems ugly to sensitive people. The earth is full of mud. But the stars shine over the mud. The stars should not be put out.

Irish Prisons

WE print this week in the International Relations Section documents and statements bearing on the treatment of political prisoners in Ireland. Both sides are presented. The Free State Government rests its case on the report of the International Committee of the Red Cross. Miss Broderick, in behalf of the Republican prisoners and the Prisoners' Defense League, criticizes the report and succeeds, it seems to us, in establishing the investigation as a one-sided and incomplete affair at best. She refrains from definite charges but in a letter accompanying the manuscript she makes some statements worthy of quotation:

... I have been three times thrown into prison, the last time having been fired on by Free State troops and wounded. There was no charge brought against me and no trial. I went on hunger-strike and was released after fifteen days. ... I have myself seen girls detained in hospital in grievous pain from being kicked in the stomach and side by men of the Criminal Investigation Department. I have seen women with their faces scratched and their bodies bruised by the violence of female searchers. One girl had a cut on her head necessitating four stitches. I have had the personal evidence of men who have been beaten and tortured until they prayed for death and of men who have seen men killed for no reason, before their eyes, and have seen others brought in to prison able only to lie groaning and speechless on their beds after the torture and who were taken out again for renewed torture within two days' time.

In regard to the investigation of the Red Cross, Miss Broderick says:

One of these delegates, having obtained permission, then went round *three internment camps*, and half of one prison only. It may be noted that it was against the prisons and not against the internment camps that the most serious allegations were made. Notwithstanding this, the report stated to the world that the camps have an excellent and well-organized sanitary service (including medical attention) and that the complaints as to sanitary conditions, poor food, and forbidding correspondence and parcels were unfounded. We are entirely in discord with this finding—which is simply not true. During my imprisonment all letters and parcels were forbidden us, and sanitary and medical conditions were bad. For four days my wounds were left undressed. ...

Miss Broderick, of course, can no more claim impartiality than can the Free State Government, but her direct personal testimony is more convincing than any official denial or than the statements of an investigation carried on under government auspices. We disagree with Miss Broderick's politics; we think that the Free State was probably the best form of government that could be secured for Ireland under the immediate menace of the British heel. Mr. Nevinson's analysis of the political situation printed elsewhere in this issue appeals to us as reasonable—as almost unanswerable. It is as a friend of the Free State Government, then, that we oppose with all our strength its policy of eliminating oppo-

sition by throwing thousands of men and women into jail, of refusing to acknowledge that these men and women are political prisoners, and of subjecting them to treatment that, in spite of the Red Cross inquiry, we still believe to be improper and needlessly brutal. It is not by such means as these that bitter hate will be healed and Ireland made finally into one strong nation.

Bones of Camels

FORD cars in the desert; airplanes in the Arctic; "horse-shoe links" in California—we have grown accustomed to these inroads of civilization and almost forgotten the days when we lifted lonely voices of protest against automobile highways through the Adirondack wilderness. And now suddenly we find that progress has, so to speak, reached its goal. Upon the testimony of England's only Moslem peer and the first European openly to make a pilgrimage to the shrine of Mecca, that impregnable fortress of an ancient faith has become modern. Lord Headley—who holds the world's championships mentioned above—has returned from his pilgrimage with the word that newsboys and "legmen" and a foreign news service keep the streets of Mecca aware of all that goes on in the world. He says that automobiles whirl back and forth between the holy city and Jeddah, the pilgrim port on the Red Sea—"and the route is indicated by the bleached bones of dead camels which have been engaged in the pilgrimage." Well, in time, we suppose, even these bones will be covered with the dust of many cars and spattered with gas and oil, and nothing, nothing at all, will be left to testify to weary centuries of tired, pious men who have worn their hearts and their bodies out on the long road to Mecca.

Primarily, however, the news of Mecca's breezy western atmosphere sets our aesthetic rather than our religious or sentimental nerves a quiver. Some parts of the world, hang it all, must be kept inefficient, slow, unsanitary, and beautiful. We are not convinced that life itself moves along a lovelier course in backward countries. Bertrand Russell, Edward Carpenter, and a hundred other opponents of industrialism say so, but we have, none the less, an impulse to seek our own happiness in a world of bathtubs and gas ranges. But this we know: beauty which is natural and an essential, accepted part of life lives somewhere else. Peasants the world over in backward regions have beautiful things that we can only acquire through wealth or leisure—and they not only see and possess, they create them. The embroidered clothes they wear, the bags they carry to market, the water jugs they hang on their donkeys, the crooks of their shepherds are cunning and beautiful—and out of our reach. If we have them at all we have them as trophies, exotic ornaments thrust into the midst of our manufactured possessions, and strangely out of place among them. The backward peasants have these things of their own right—and they treasure them.

Newsboys and airplanes may invade Mecca, automobiles may preserve pilgrims from the more painful ardors of their faith, but we shall still hold on to a hope of beauty in the world until we hear that the peasants of the Near East have sold their gorgeous handwoven bags to tourists and carry their seeds to market in the neat oil-cloth containers of Fourteenth Street, New York, and Main Street, Gopher Prairie.

What of the League?

By OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

Geneva, October 1

WHAT of the League of Nations as its fourth Assembly comes to an end? Well, there can be no doubt that it ends with considerable gloom and little satisfaction with the results achieved. The gloom is not wholly due to the grave European situation which has overshadowed the entire meeting, nor to the incidents growing out of Mussolini's murderous acts in Corfu. "It is the poorest Assembly we have had," is the verdict of one of the permanent staff who will not admit much that is disadvantageous to the organization to which he is so devoted. It certainly has not sparkled; many of its sessions have been as dull as those of any American legislature, yet there has been great excitement within the ranks of the members and much indignation at the course of events. There have even been moments, as at last night's session, when there was mutiny in the air, mutiny on the part of the members of the Assembly against the acts and decisions of the Council. Yet there have been few moving utterances; only Nansen, Gilbert Murray, and Branting have really stirred the Assembly. It has not been, or has not been allowed to be, guilty of expressing any of the wrath and indignation it has felt at the procedure of Mussolini or the conduct of the Council of Ambassadors in calmly turning over to that brigand the fifty millions of liras which the Greeks put up as a guaranty of *bona fides*. Nor has the deep feeling held by many of the Assembly's members as to the events in the Ruhr been allowed to express itself except in the moving and downright speech of Gilbert Murray—always the scholar and honest gentleman.

For this Mussolini is in large part responsible. There would undoubtedly have been much said about the Ruhr situation had not the Italian dictator drawn his red herring across the trail just as it met and jeopardized the very life of the League itself by questioning its competence. Someone here has remarked that when you get a great group of men and women together in a foreign city like this they are only good for one big issue—they are not capable of more. That seems to be true of the psychology of this group, and so, to the delight of the French, the occupation of the Ruhr came up only once and the debate was choked off as soon as one or two lesser delegates had seconded Gilbert Murray's outburst—just as Nansen was declared out of order last night when he dared to express his opinion about the high-handed action of the Ambassadors. Perhaps the collapse of the Germans would have made any action as to the Ruhr impossible, but men like Professor Murray see very clearly that if the League is not to be allowed to have an opinion about acts as contrary to the principles of the League as that, the League will rapidly lose caste.

Indeed, if I were an advocate of the League as it is I should go away from here heartily discouraged, and that is, I think, the feeling of the liberal leaders who are honestly trying to make something out of this body in the interest of peace and humanity. They are whistling, some of them, like Robert Cecil, to keep up their courage; they are pretending that everything is going well, but in their heart of hearts they cannot be happy. In the first place, there is

the quiet but never-ceasing effort of the French and Italians to sabotage the League. Next, it is now old enough to have growing pains and also to have developed some of the vices and weaknesses—such as log-rolling—of all legislatures. Then its activities are cleverly limited by its charter as if with malice aforethought—there was, for instance, no way in which it, since Greece was afraid to do so, could move to demand that Mussolini be made to pay for the human lives he so wantonly blotted out at Corfu. If, asked one of the protesting delegates at last night's session, the League cannot deal with acts of its members directly leading up to war, and the International Court cannot be trusted with strictly legal questions as to the League's competence, what is the function of either body?

When I first arrived here there was a general feeling that after all the League had gotten pretty well out of the Italian-Greek mess. The liberals acknowledged that the League had received a black eye abroad, but they felt that after the facts became known the League would regain its former position in public opinion. After all, they said, a war was averted and it would not have been had there been no League. They took the position that the Council of Ambassadors had accepted, with only one slight change, the proposals made by the League, and that if five private citizens had volunteered to settle the difficulty the League would have accepted such an offer provided the five were in a position to do the trick. The League, they said, is only an instrument to an end and if there is a better one why not use it?

The answer to that was, of course, that in the case of Mussolini they had used a worse one. As it was, this attitude of forced contentment was radically changed when the news came that the Ambassadors had calmly handed over the swag to Mussolini without even waiting for the guilt of anybody to be fixed. Rarely have I seen men so indignant. They not only felt outraged for the sake of the Greeks, they realized that they had been buncoed themselves and that the Ambassadors had accepted their terms merely in order to get around them. One of the Englishmen declared to me that Thursday was the blackest day in England's history since August 1, 1914. Gilbert Murray thanked God in the Assembly that the League had had nothing to do with that and uttered his profound regret that he could not say the same of the British Empire. The action of Lord Crewe broke the hearts of the high-minded Englishmen here. They would have been outraged enough had all the other ambassadors voted for this steal; they could not bear the thought that their own ambassador had by order of the Prime Minister joined in. This, following the rumors that Baldwin surrendered to Poincaré in Paris, seemed the last straw to men in Geneva who are up against sinister French and Italian opposition at every turn.

On top of that came the news that, finding it impossible to get the League's Council to agree to refer to the World Court the five questions arising out of the Italian challenge of the League's competence in the case of the Albanian murders, Lord Robert Cecil had agreed to the compromise the Italians asked and that these vital questions should go to a Special Commission of Jurists. The Council

wrangled hour after hour over this and then Lord Robert announced it to the Assembly, not in sackcloth and ashes, but glorying in his shame. While he had felt, he said, that the matters ought to go to the World Court, still he was happy to record that there had been substantial agreement, the real object desired had been achieved, etc., etc. It was the worst kind of political trimming and compromising the old, old language of the expedient politician. Lord Robert has quite changed since he entered the British Cabinet—as was to be foreseen. It is said for him: "Of course, he is no longer free to act as he should like to now that he is in the Government!" You are quite expected to forget that last year when he was playing a different and finer role he was also representing a Government, that of South Africa. Fortunately, as already stated, he was not allowed to get off unscathed. One man after another got up to dissent. As it is, some of the smaller countries are still talking of drawing out. My judgment is that they will not now, but there is no denying the truth of a statement like that made by a Finnish delegate that the press in his country cannot understand why anybody should be allowed to remain one moment in doubt as to the competence of the League in so clear-cut a case. As Nansen put it, if he had been asked to create an absolutely perfect case for the League to act on he could not have produced a better one than Corfu.

Geneva is like Washington in that those at work in the League find it hard to realize the trend of public opinion outside of this locality. I am wondering tonight if Lord Robert has estimated the damage his compromise has done to the cause of the World Court in America. How can anybody get up to advocate the court in the United States and face the query why the League did not have faith enough in its own court to intrust to it such vital questions as its own competence but actually preferred instead to appoint a special court of political judges? For that is what these judges are going to be. Each member of the Council is to appoint one judge. Of course, each member of the Council will choose some one whose opinion he has ascertained in advance!

To illustrate the kind of slim behavior the honorable men in the League are up against, I may add that the Italians early insisted that they would not accede to the question of the League's competence being taken up unless the matter were separated from the Corfu affair. That was cheerfully accepted. Then, when the competence issue arose, the Italians promptly pointed out that a unanimous decision would be needed in the Council to settle the question of reference! Had the issues not been separated unanimous action would not have been required, if my information is correct. It is a constant struggle against the reactionary forces, with the smaller, and especially the Scandinavian, states playing a fine, brave role.

Meanwhile, it is only fair to acknowledge that the work done by the permanent secretariat and committees steadily increases in value. Those who carry it on say frankly that they need a great deal of time to build up their machinery, but they insist that it is far more effective than three or even two years ago and that it gets stronger with every year. But, as I have already pointed out, the one thing that is lacking in Europe is *time*. Already there is increasing pressure to cut the appropriations for the permanent forces and there is no doubt that the expense bears heavily upon certain nations, although it is pitifully small as contrasted with the price of one battleship.

The fate of the League as a machine for peace will not, however, be decided by the efficiency of its social or economic or legal bureaus but by political considerations. It is both the weakness and strength of the League that it is tied up with governments. It is its strength because in so far as the delegations represent the governments and speak for them their word is binding. Where the tie is loose, the home government sometimes fails to honor the obligations incurred by the delegation—as the French did on one occasion. One of the most thoughtful and influential and democratically minded men here told me that he absolutely opposed any plan to elect delegates through the parliaments or by direct popular vote because it would then be so easy for the home governments to ignore or even to thwart the actions taken here. So we must face the fact that the League is but a machine of the existing officialdoms in the various countries, that its source is the governments, and that it will only with great difficulty, if at all, rise above its source. All the governments are willing that it shall go on with its philanthropic work, regulate the traffic in obscene pictures and literature and the traffic in women, talk of improving conditions of labor—the chief cannon-fodder. But when it comes to interfering with the existing schemes of the chauvinistic governments of today, then the League must look out for itself. It may be that it will be killed by direct sabotage of the sort Mussolini, unwittingly perhaps, undertook; it may be that it will one day face an indignant withdrawal of the innocent smaller Powers who insist on taking the League seriously and dislike being buncoed; it may be that it will perish slowly by sinking into innocuous desuetude in both Assembly and Council. That it has done some excellent work no one can deny; that it might be welded into a great instrument for human righteousness is also true. But its survival as a really useful organization for justice as well as peace calls for the reform of certain governments which at present have not the slightest intention of being reformed but propose to carry on the world as if it were the same world that existed in 1914.

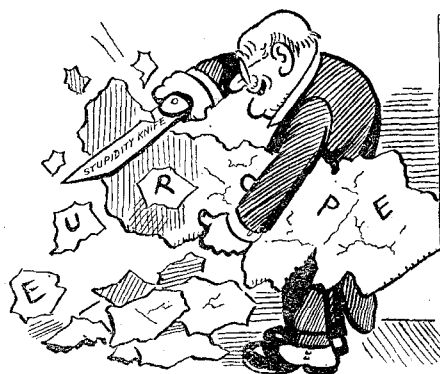
How to reform these governments which learn nothing and forget nothing and are now mere puppets in the hands of the great industrialists within their borders—that is the great problem of humanity. I asked one of the most distinguished and despairing members of the Assembly what he had to suggest. He has seen communism in Russia and is sure that that road leads only to ruin. Socialism has never had any attraction for him. He agreed to my statement of the problem—but when I asked him for his remedy he threw up his hands. The men here seem to know nothing of the possibilities of the cooperative commonwealth; they only faintly realize that political government has everywhere broken down, and they grope in the dark for a solution while fighting incessantly against the powers of darkness so conspicuous here. These are steadily sending Europe to its doom and will yet land her there if some miracle does not happen, such as a British buying-off of France in her relations with Germany or an awakening of America to the possibility of her using her good offices and influence—still tremendously potent in Europe—to bring certain countries to their senses before it is too late.

Mr. Villard is at present in Germany. The Nation will publish in subsequent issues other articles from him on European subjects.

Looking On

by

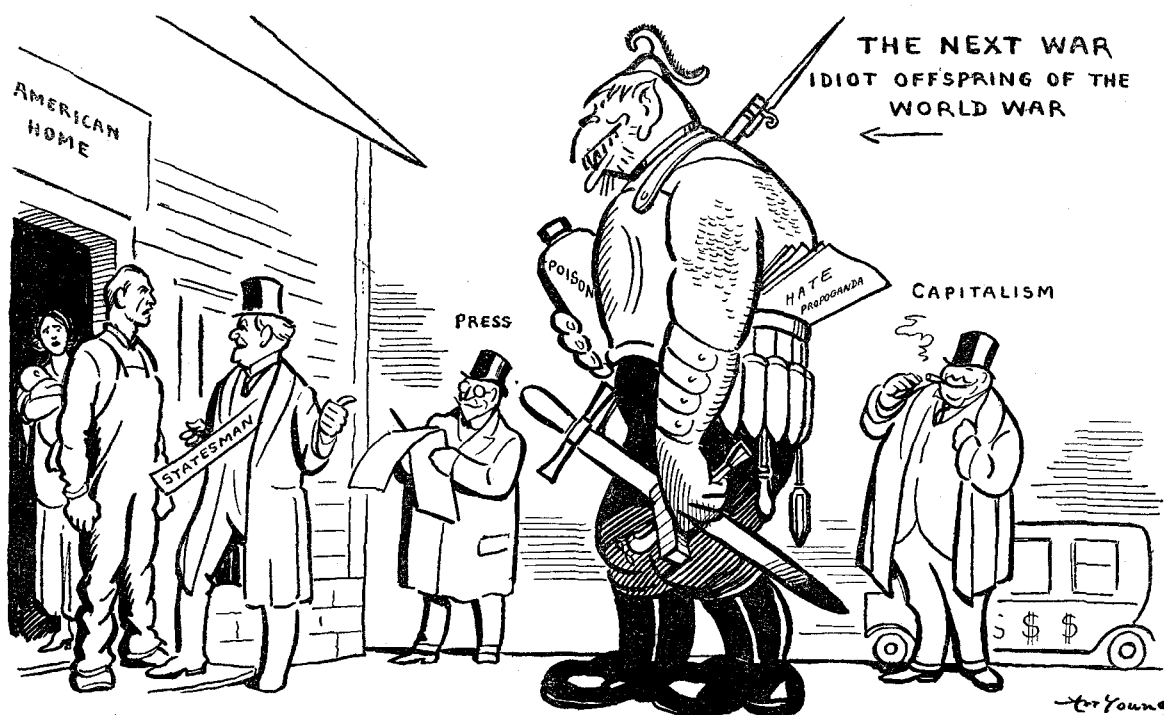
Art Young



Old Reactionary Diplomacy had a lovely time whittling up Europe—it was so easy.



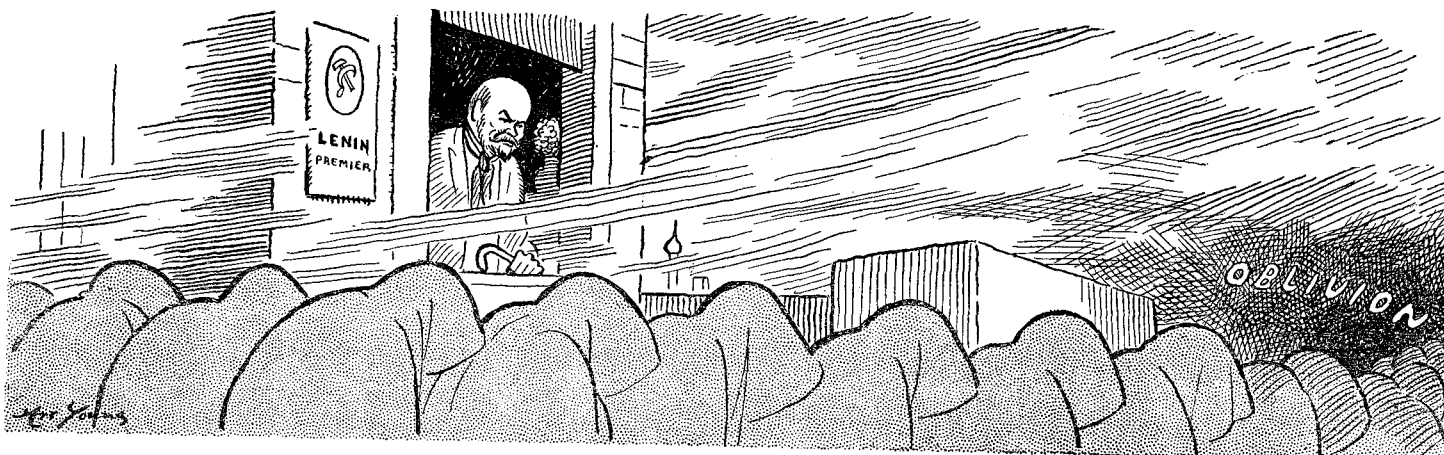
And now he is trying to get it together again, but the pieces don't fit and the glue won't stick.



Introducing the Monster

"We feel that you folks ought to get acquainted with this fellow. Let your little children see how noble and inspiring he is."

Stability?—Lenin Reviews the Procession of Europe's Bosses



Abdul Hamid, Constantine, Venizelos, Lloyd George, Briand, Orlando, Clemenceau, Giolitti, etc., etc.

Railroads and the Mechanics of Social Power

By AMOS PINCHOT

II. The Technique of Industrial Monopoly

(This is the second of three articles which explain how the control of transportation by a unified group has resulted in its domination of the politics and culture of America.)

THE railroad question is a practical one, but like most practical questions it needs some patience. The fact is, industrial civilization has grown so complicated that we cannot hope to readjust it properly unless we have some idea of the principles that govern its functioning.

One of these principles has been beautifully stated by the Interstate Commerce Commission: "In any industry whoever controls the avenues of transportation of either the raw material or the finished product can speedily drive all competitors out of existence." This statement is of immense interest, because it points out the main process, the technique, the actual existing mechanics by which wealth, and incidentally power, is accumulated in a modern nation.

Monopoly is the surest and quickest way of making money. If you can once destroy competition and establish monopoly in a large business producing things people need, you not only become rich; you become a power in the community. Let us see how the principle laid down by the Interstate Commerce Commission has worked, not in theory but in fact, in building up monopoly in America's industrial field.

Up to 1901, when the Steel Corporation appeared on the scene, the steel industry was highly competitive. There was no monopoly. Prices were regulated by the law of supply and demand. Though some of the steel-makers formed pools and did their best to boost prices, the competitive spirit proved too strong for them. Whenever prices rose above a certain point outsiders would rush in, undercut the figure fixed by the pool, and take the pool members' customers away. Besides, as Mr. Schwab relates in his testimony before the Ways and Means Committee, the pool members themselves would not abide by their agreements. True, they would solemnly sit at the meetings and fix prices for steel products. But, according to Mr. Schwab, the moment a motion to adjourn was carried, they broke for the telephones, called up customers, and undersold each other without the least compunction.

In 1901, however, an amazing change was seen. As if by magic competition ceased. Prices were fixed by the newly formed trust, and no one dared disturb them. And there began a golden era of steady, unparalleled profits. Though the Steel Corporation's assets were worth only about \$400,000,000, it had paid, by the end of the first nine months, dividends aggregating \$41,979,168.75 and carried forward as surplus \$43,620,940.30. According to Mr. Farquhar J. McRae, the statistician for the congressional committee that investigated the steel industry in 1911, in the first nine years ending December 31, 1910, its adjusted net earnings totaled \$1,029,585,389.28, or an average of \$13 a ton on sales to customers, or a net profit of 40 per cent on the actual cost of production.

How was this feat accomplished? By what means did the trust contrive to banish competition in the most competitive industry of the time? Why was it able to shelve the law of supply and demand, fix prices arbitrarily, and take so substantial a toll from the public pocket? A partial reply is found in the words of the Interstate Commerce Commission: "In any industry whoever controls the avenues of transportation of either the raw material or the finished product can speedily drive all competitors out of existence."

But this explanation is obviously incomplete. We must also inquire, first, how the trust controlled transportation and, second, how, with transportation controlled, it developed its monopoly and price-fixing prerogative. The answer is that it bought the great ore-carrying railroads from the Missabe range down to the upper lake ports. It bought the principal ore-carrying lake boats and barges and docking facilities. And it bought the strategic railroads from the lower lake ports to the Pittsburgh district. Today the Steel Corporation owns or leases roads with about 3,500 miles of track.

The immediate results of these purchases were little short of phenomenal. They are described in the report of the congressional committee already referred to, which was signed by the committee, but largely the work of Mr. Louis D. Brandeis, now of the United States Supreme Court. The outstanding fact developed in the report may be summed up briefly as follows:

It takes two tons of ore to make one ton of pig iron. The committee found that, because the Steel Corporation carried its own ore on its railroads, ships, and barges at cost and that of outsiders at a large profit, the cost of assembling, in the Pittsburgh district, enough ore to make a ton of pig was \$2.61 more for the outsider than for the trust. In other words, control of transportation gave the trust an advantage or differential of \$2.61 on every ton of metal it produced. And this does not count its further differential in assembling coke, coal, and limestone. So that the committee put the trust's total transportation advantage over the independent at something more than \$3 a ton.

How impossible competition became under these conditions is shown by the statement of the trust's own very eminent engineer, Mr. Julian Kennedy, who was retained to select the plants the trust took over:

The Chairman: As I understand it, you are of the opinion, if by any method we could force the common carriers of the country to treat all industries exactly alike, the advantage of the Steel Corporation over its competitors would be practically eliminated?

Mr. Kennedy: To a great extent. . . .

The Chairman: If the Steel Corporation chose to do it, with its present weapons, could it destroy its competitors?

Mr. Kennedy: I think it could; yes.

In corroboration of this, Judge Gary admitted at the Lockwood investigation in 1922 that the trust's control of transportation was "a substantial advantage." And at about the same time the general manager of one of the largest outside companies told me that, in his opinion, there had never been a day since the steel trust's formation when

it could not have destroyed every independent by using its transportation differential against them.

Indeed, this conclusion seems unescapable. For, armed with the differential, the representative of the trust can go to the independent and say: "If you undersell the price fixed by us you will have a price war on your hands. We will sell down to cost and, owing to our special transportation advantage, this will be about \$3 below cost for you. How long do you think you can hold out?"

At this point, it is perhaps appropriate to say that, notwithstanding considerable propaganda to the contrary, the steel trust's power and profits are in no sense due to size or superior efficiency. The congressional committee reports that it is abundantly shown that "the actual cost of production between the United States Steel Corporation and other large concerns is practically the same." And Mr. Andrew Carnegie took the position that a huge combination of combinations like the Steel Corporation is a notably poor producer compared to smaller, but still large and well-integrated concerns. "If you want to keep the country ahead in steel," said he, "you cannot depend on the great combinations. In the nature of the case they become conservative."

In addition to the transportation differential already described, itself enough to overawe the most headstrong independent, the trust has a large but not easily measured advantage arising from its community of interest with railroads all over the country, which it does not own but controls to a greater or less extent, through common ownership and interlocking directorates. As far back as 1910 John Moody stated that officers and directors of the Steel Corporation were also officers or directors in railroad corporations capitalized at \$10,000,000,000, the total capitalization of all our roads being \$18,000,000,000. These interpenetrated roads naturally favor the trust, both in the matter of purchasing supplies and in the prompt delivery of trust products, whether to themselves or other customers.

The situation in the coal industry does not differ substantially from what we have seen in iron and steel. There, too, we find monopoly and high prices, due to the same cause—one interest controlling both mines and railroads. Dissolutions by the courts have had little effect beyond forcing the railroad and coal companies to the inconvenience of erecting partitions in their common offices, through which the business of squeezing the public goes on as usual.

Though I cannot prove it, as there has been no adequate investigation of the facts, I am credibly informed by dealers that besides controlling the price at the mines, the railroad-coal monopoly also fixes the price at which the local dealer sells; and that any dealer who undercuts this price may look forward to having his coal supply cut off at the source. But whether this is true or not, it is sufficiently clear that the public will never get good coal at reasonable prices until the government takes over the coal roads and at the same time condemns and leases to private competitive developers some of the unused coal lands now held out of use by the trust. There is nothing experimental about this. The government owns and successfully operates a railroad in Alaska; and the fee of all timber and grazing land and water-power sites on our Western federal reserves has long been held by the government, which leases the natural resources to private individuals or corporations under contracts guarding the public interest.

In the oil industry it is the same story. Despite all the

Interstate Commerce Commission can do, the trust still controls railroad and pipe-line rates. Last year Mr. Nicholas, president of the National Petroleum Marketers' Association, testified at Washington that if the independents start any "real competition" they "are up against a system of reprisals that rather deprive you of the desire to try the experiment more than once." The railroads, he said, have "no cars for the other fellow." And Mr. Gray, president of the National Association of Independent Oil Producers, showed how the trust makes regulations for the use of its pipe lines which practically exclude the independents, except on a basis that prohibits competition. His experience in trying to change unfair rates and regulations by application to courts and commissions had been at once so expensive and so barren of results that he was forced to advise the independents not to attempt to disturb them.

In the beef industry the discriminations against the independents are equally notorious. The railroads favor the trust by countless devices which they replace by new ones as fast as the government proceeds against them. Empty trust cars are shipped back quickly, while those of independents wait for cargoes; refunds for defective icing; differentials through the trust-owned terminals and stockyards; rebates by false claims, rebates by bogus leases, differentials and discriminations of a hundred kinds. The Federal Trade Commission reported that, in 1917, the railroads hauled the cars of the Big Five packers an average of 80.8 miles, while those of the independents only made 54.5 miles a day.

No wonder President Calloway of the New York Central is quoted as saying: "We do not do these foolish things [rate discriminations] from choice. I will say that they are just as bad and foolish and stupid as can be, but what are we going to do about it? We have built up these big shippers and now they control us." And President Fish of the Illinois Central: "Tell me how to enforce the Ten Commandments and I will tell you how to stop discriminations."

But why, one might ask, will discriminatory practices cease under public ownership? A book might be written on the subject. One obvious answer is that the men in charge of the Federal government's technical work have always maintained a high standard of honesty and esprit de corps; another, that the railroad men responsible for discriminatory acts now report to superiors who are the beneficiaries of these acts and keenly interested in their continuance. Under government ownership, on the other hand, the men in charge of running the roads will report neither to trust magnates nor bankers, but to departmental heads, whose one chance of holding their jobs will be to furnish good service and avoid the scandalous favoritism that now goes on known but unpunished.

Contrast for a moment conditions in the industries in which private railroading has produced monopoly, with those that are still free and competitive, such for instance as automobile making. In the steel, coal, oil, meat-packing, and similar monopolies, prices have steadily gone up and the tendency of quality has been either to go down or remain stationary. In the automobile business, on the contrary, cars have become better and cheaper, notwithstanding the rise in labor and materials. Why is this? Merely because since freight rates are not a vital element in the automobile industry, railroad discrimination cannot successfully be used against competitors.

Thus, in the major basic industries of the United States, private railroading has built up an unwise, expensive, and by no means efficient monopoly system. It is unwise because it tears down the equality of industrial opportunity, which is the only secure basis of political democracy in an industrial age. It is expensive because it raises prices to levels which the public can ill afford to pay. It is inefficient because, since it is easy to make money under monopoly, the main incentive to efficiency and invention is removed. Likewise, by a strange twist of fate, the monopolists have unwittingly introduced into industry the cardinal and very real vice of socialism. Indeed, they have actually done what the socialists have dreamed of, i.e., destroyed competitive enterprise and erected in its place a dull monopolistic hierarchy; the main difference between the socialists'

heaven and this arrangement being that, in the former monopoly is supposed to be for the benefit of all society, while under the existing regime it works to the advantage of a few people only, the monopolists themselves.

We are maintaining at great public cost a poor system of common carriers. Unable to support themselves, we subsidize them enormously through the Transportation Act. They are our most expensive paupers, and yet they have none of the loyalty to the public that should be attributable to a well-fed public charge. They still favor the private interests that have used and wrecked them, and they are common carriers only in name.

In the next article I will discuss the effect exerted by pools of power, produced by private railroading and monopoly, on our political system and on society.

Why Irish Labor Failed

By HENRY W. NEVINSON

Dublin, September 23

YOU ask me to tell you something about the state of Ireland, and specifically about the failure of the Labor Party at the recent election in the Free State. I have followed Irish questions very closely for forty years. I have lived much in Ireland. As often happens with Englishmen, I have loved the country better than my own. I have lately been staying in a "Republican" district far out in the west. I have conversed with leaders and followers of every party. And I have attended the meetings of the newly elected Dail. So I know a good deal about the subject. But does knowledge make the answer to a question easier? Never believe it! Ignorance answers easily. Any clever correspondent after two days in a Dublin hotel will slam you off a solution of Ireland in half a dozen lines. But every writer knows that the more you know the harder it is to write.

Take even the labor question about which you inquire. The labor leaders expected 27 or 30 seats in the new Dail (it is called the Fourth Dail, but is really the first duly elected under the Treaty of December, 1921). Now the Labor members sitting on the left of the small semicircle in the old courtroom of Leinster House make a forlorn little group of 14 (nominally 15, but one has already left them). They have lost their orator, O'Shannon, and they have lost their enthusiastic but steady leading member, William O'Brien. Their real leader and creator, Tom Johnson, still holds his place, though under proportional representation he scraped in with difficulty. That Northern Irishman, so honorable, so sensible and straightforward, so highly respected by all parties, stands as Leader of the Opposition, but what a fragment that opposition is! Next to the little Labor Party sits the Farmers Party, also numbering 14 or 15; and in some questions the two parties may combine. But even when combination is complete (and that will be seldom, for farmers are born opponents of labor and change) the opposition could count only on about 30 as against about 80 of the Government combined with the Independents, who will support the Government at a crisis.

The main cause of labor's failure was simply the condition of the country ever since De Valera repudiated the treaty directly after it had been signed. The real issue at the election was the continuance or destruction of the treaty. That was a question of life or death, and a question of life

or death extinguishes all others. In England we have proved it in the "Khaki" or war elections. In Ireland the choice before the people was whether they would maintain the treaty as an immense advance in national liberty—an advance far beyond anything that former leaders had even imagined—or repudiate the treaty and bring the British Government, army, and police back again to renew the old struggle. I understand the idealists of the so-called Republican cause as well as any foreigner can. With the idealists are mixed up a lot of men and women who enjoy the excitement of fighting and bloodshed for its own sake, together with a lot of land-grabbers who have burned down the big houses, seized the lands or turned in their cattle, and strongly object to a Government which drives them out of the lands, takes the cattle to pay compensation, and actually insists upon rates and taxes. But I cannot go into the Republican question now. It appears to inflame your readers, as it inflames some of my friends here. My point is that Treaty versus Civil War was the vital question before the electors, and so the labor candidates had little chance. The Labor Party had strongly opposed many government actions, especially as to the imprisonments and executions. At the same time they had not denounced the Government violently enough to please the enemies of the treaty. So they occupied a middle position. And a middle position may appeal to philosophers, but it makes no appeal to electors in Ireland. Besides, the labor question is still new to the country. For about seven centuries the burning questions were defense of nationality, defense of religion, and defense of the land. Outside Belfast the labor question has hardly existed, and in Belfast it was surpassed by the religious contest. In the Free State it hardly exists outside Dublin, Cork, and perhaps Limerick, Waterford, and Galway, and it is noticeable that in all those big towns labor failed. In Dublin itself only 6 per cent of the voters voted Labor.

To be sure the party was torn by internal division, chiefly due to the workings of Jim Larkin, whom you have returned to this country as a gift. Ten years ago, at the time of the great dock strike here and the formation of the Transport Workers Union, I saw a good deal of Jim Larkin. I always regarded him as an egoist of immense physical and rhetorical energy, highly qualified to detect and expose suffering or wrong, but far less qualified to discover reme-

dies. Now, though he does not announce himself as a leader, he is said to inspire the dockers' rank-and-file committee, which dictates to the executive of the union. His only power lies in Dublin, where he occasionally addresses open-air meetings. In the election he always opposed the candidates of the regular Labor Party, and though his own supporters always failed, he probably reduced the labor representatives in the Dail. He has no followers in the Dail himself. As to the charges of bolshevist aims and Moscow influence, I disregard them. They are made against everyone whom other parties dislike. In one movement we are freely charged with receiving "Tory gold"; in another, with receiving "Moscow diamonds"!

The Irish Labor Party refuses labels. It will not even call itself "socialist," for who knows what socialist means? For the moment the vital labor question here, as in England, is unemployment. The causes are much the same in both countries, the main cause being the callow brutality of French politicians in carrying on the starvation and de-

struction of the German people. Actual unemployment is perhaps relieved here by keeping some 10,000 to 15,000 (the number is still uncertain) men and women in prison as actual or possible violent rebels against the state; also by enrolling some 40,000 young men in the new Free State army. But neither prisoners nor soldiers are lucrative, and both are being reduced. Meantime strikes rage throughout nearly all the cities, worst in Dublin and Cork. Strikes are at present labor's only weapon, but the weapon is suicidal. As Bernard Shaw says in a characteristic article in the first number of the new *Irish Statesman* (On Throwing Out Dirty Water, and in "dirty water" he includes all manner of obsolete Irish conceptions and ideals): "The strike means starving on your enemy's doorstep. . . . The modern capitalist simply calls the police to remove your body to the mortuary." But I suppose the striker may hope that his body on the doorstep may first infect the owner's household. It is not a pleasing process for either side to contemplate.

White, Protestant, and Dry

(The Nation's Weekly Washington Letter)

By WILLIAM HARD

THE "Citizenship Conference," called here by distinguished Protestant religious leaders to promote a hope for a more vigorous enforcement of the Volstead law, was notably lacking in speeches by distinguished Catholics and was notably lacking also in attentiveness to the enforcement of the constitutional rights of Negroes or of man as man. It spoke much of "obedience to law" but it cared little for law as law. It fixed itself on a certain tiny segment of the circle of law and on that segment it lavished the full force of the assembled Protestant conscience of America.

Washington, which is always unwillingly enacting legislation forced upon it by exigent groups of voters, perceives once more that after having gone through a legislative spasm it confronts an administrative crisis. Alone among the countries of the world, the United States produces people who, having forced a government to enact a certain law, then find that they must rally together—as this "Citizenship Conference" declares—to conduct a "ten years' fight" to secure the actual recognition of that law as a binding law to which obedience must be rendered.

The difficulty of the matter is considerably increased by the numerousness of other laws to which obedience is not yet rendered but to which obedience is strictly logically equally desirable.

It is suggested accordingly that the Department of Justice, in imitation of the Interstate Commerce Commission regarding freight traffic, should issue "priority orders" regarding law enforcement.

The situation is that we have a congestion of law-enforcement traffic and movement. The enforcement of the Four-

teenth and Fifteenth amendments regarding the civil and political rights of Negroes, is stalled in the passes of the Alleghenies. The enforcement of the basic rights of man, in so far as they are possessed by Catholics and Jews and Negroes and citizens charged with crime but unconvicted of it, against the Ku Klux Klan and other mobs, is stalled on hills and plains throughout the country.

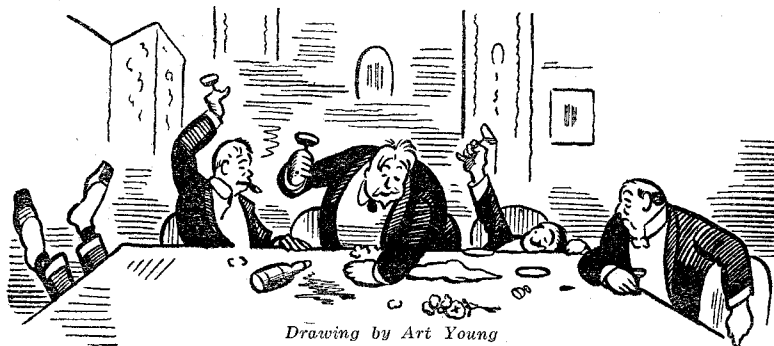
Meanwhile the "bottle-neck" yards, which cannot be widened except by new enormous expenditures of public money, are jammed and clogged by the busy engineers and conductors of statutes regarding maternity welfare, motion-picture inspection, sedition eradication, boll-weevil extermination, foreign-trade

inquiry, domestic-trade analysis, gambling prevention, Sabbath protection, and other endeavors classifiable as necessities or classifiable as luxuries.

The essential demand of the "Citizenship Conference" is that the Volstead law shall be classified as a necessary and shall in fact be put at the head of all necessities and given a special absolutely first extra "priority order" entitling it to unconditional precedence over all other forms of enforcement traffic on all Federal Government tracks.

Governor Pinchot of Pennsylvania, the leader and the idol of the "Citizenship Conference," informs the Federal Government that by all means there must be a special Federal department or agency, responsive directly to the President himself, for the enforcement of prohibition and of prohibition alone.

Many Negro inhabitants of Washington, however, think that the numbers fourteen and fifteen come before the number eighteen, and that while it may be a very good thing



Drawing by Art Young

"Now, gen'lmen, let us all stanup an' give three cheers for the glorious Cons'titution."

to have a special Federal department for enforcing the Eighteenth Amendment regarding prohibition, it would also be an equally good thing to have a special Federal department for enforcing the Fourteenth and Fifteenth amendments regarding particularly Negro suffrage.

They argue in fact that the Negro suffrage Federal enforcement department ought to have a large "priority" over the prohibition Federal enforcement department both in size of appropriation and in vigor and concentration of effort.

They think that an appropriation of \$100,000,000 a year would be no less than is needed in order to enforce Negro suffrage in Mississippi under a Federal Negro suffrage enforcement Volstead law.

They also think that a special emergency appropriation of perhaps half a billion dollars may be needed in order to compel Congress to obey the mandate in the Fourteenth Amendment regarding the reduction of the congressional representation of States in which Negro suffrage is restricted.

In any case they see no reason why their constitutional amendments, which have been law for more than half a century, should not have a special Federal enforcement department if such a department is to be granted to a juvenile constitutional amendment which has been law for less than half a decade.

At this point, however, there is a considerable clamor raised by the special friends of the first amendment. This amendment is almost as old as the Constitution itself and has to do with free speech. It is not impertinently suggested that "priority order number one" should issue to the activities of a Federal free-speech encouragement department which would watch over, and endeavor to prevent, all invasions and infractions of the right of free speech, particularly during strikes in Governor Pinchot's State of Pennsylvania.

It develops then, however, that there still are certain enthusiasts and fanatics who give their special attention to those primary and basic rights of man which antedate the Constitution and which underlie the whole idea of government and which have to do with preventing individuals from physically assaulting the properties or the persons of other individuals.

Physical security for property and for person, it is pointed out by such antiquarians, is the original primal purpose of government; and there is less of that security for individuals against other individuals—or for individuals against mobs—in this country than in any other civilized country in the world.

It is accordingly strongly suggested that a special Federal agency shall be instituted for the purpose of establishing a civilized degree of physical security in the United States and that this agency shall be given "Priority Order Number Triple A 1 Plus" and that "Citizenship Conferences" shall be numerous held all over the country to rally all citizenry to the support of this agency in order that the primary foundations of government may be securely laid in the hearts and minds of all citizens to the end that thereupon from time to time there may be raised high towers and pinnacles of new lofty excess-baggage ideals.

Such are the lengths to which the zealots would go who are willing to get along with a scandalously scanty enforcement of some recent ideals if only they could be as safe from

burglars and murderers as people are in loose-living, gambling, drinking England.

It is firmly responded to them that such is not the temperament of our dear country. From the beginning we have been not so much interested in our own security for ourselves as in our own morality for others. England is as it is because we came out of it and left it to its life of security and sin. We are as we are because we preferred jeopardy and reform.

We also prefer recent reforms to old reforms. We enforced complete free speech for a while. We enforced Negro suffrage for a while. Now we are going to enforce prohibition; and we incidentally assert that if only we can get people to live up to our latest white Protestant dizzy ideal, they somehow will learn to respect the laws which are the primary dictates of the human conscience.

As a lily-white Protestant, I ask my fellow lily-white Protestants to note that in fact we are now giving this country a perfectly spectacular instance of our preoccupation with the latest top-branch fruit of our own peculiar meeting-house morality while the broad basic human positive rights of whole great racial and religious groups of our fellow-citizens are neglected by us and indeed simultaneously violated by large numbers of us without any effective national rebuke.

In the Driftway

THE Drifter is never so glad he is not an editor as when he reads something by one of those poor bloodless creatures on a genuinely important topic. So long as editors discuss European politics or the condition of the Federal Reserve banks, it doesn't matter what they say, because nobody cares about such things or reads tiresome articles on those subjects anyhow. But when one attempts to write on an all-important subject like food he ought to know more about it than an editor can possibly know about anything. In last week's *Nation* the Drifter was pained to find an editor who had probably never had half a dozen square meals in his life trying to define—and draw up a menu for—an "American dinner." The Drifter would bet a Virginia-cured ham against a pound of Philadelphia scrapple that this anemic editor learned all he knows about American cooking in the railway-station restaurant of Bridgeport, Connecticut, or looking for handouts at the back doors of quick-lunch rooms along the waterfront of New York City.

* * * * *

SO long as he confines himself merely to pulling to pieces the alleged "American dinner" served to Mr. Lloyd George at the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel, this editor chap is not so inadequate. Editors are always good at finding fault with other people. But just set one of them to doing something on his own account, and where is he? In the first place, with an editor's customary absent-mindedness, he forgot the soup course in both his New England and his Southern dinner. Not that this is so serious. Soup is not a great institution in American families. It makes a lot of extra dish-washing and the men folk refuse to count it as part of the meal. As a New Hampshire farmer-friend of the Drifter would say, soup "ain't got no chaw to it." It may properly be—and commonly is—omitted. But the Drifter finds it less easy to excuse the editor for failing to provide any green vegetables merely because he does not

think highly of the claims of Waldorf salad. How about cucumbers? They are indubitably American, even if they do promote indigestion (and maybe that's American too). And then there's lettuce. Not that lettuce is exclusively American, but we have some ways of eating it that possibly are. When the Drifter was a boy lettuce was uniformly eaten with vinegar and sugar, and that method still prevails in thousands of rural homes throughout the country. In the Drifter's own home there was a better way of eating lettuce—with sugar and *thick cream*. Yum, yum! The Drifter could eat two or three plates of that now at one sitting. It beats oil and vinegar, mayonnaise, Russian, or any of these fancy modern dressings all hollow. Only it seems impossible to get it. Sugar still exists—too much of it in most cooking—but cows no longer give that thick cream of the Drifter's boyhood. You could almost cut it with a knife, like butter, and could scarcely pour it out of a pitcher without wishing for a pair of tongs.

* * * * *

THEN, too, pumpkin pie may be all right, but it is neither so good nor so typical of New England as squash, while in the South—at least in Maryland—sweet-potato pie is a delicacy which no visiting Englishman should be allowed to miss. Also the Drifter is sure that no true American housewife, North or South, would have failed to provide at least two or three kinds of home-made jellies, jams, and preserves.

* * * * *

BUT the greatest failure of this under-nourished and ill-informed editor remains to be exposed. He has provided no hot bread, North or South, and has omitted the most typical and important cereal of America, corn. Would a New England dinner be right without baking-powder biscuit or some kind of hot rolls or muffins? And would anybody but a provincial New York editor conceive of a typical Southern dinner without cornbread? Beaten biscuit—bosh! As well offer a man a mouthful of dry dust!

* * * * *

ALSO why limit Mr. Lloyd George to two dinners—one in New England, the other in Dixie? American cooking deserves a wider survey. There is the unique school of the Pennsylvania Dutch; there are the groaning tables of the Middle West; there is the cookery of Louisiana, with a French flavor, and that of the Southwest, with a tang from Spain.

* * * * *

THE Drifter's own selection for a typical "American dinner"? Ah, he is no such simpleton as that; if he were he would turn editor. Nobody who has eaten such a meal could write about it until at least six hours afterward and then he wouldn't want to profane its memory by translating it into words. Also the Drifter surmises that the great American dinner, like the great American novel, was cooked and forgotten fifty years ago—or remains for a wiser and worthier future to contrive. THE DRIFTER

Contributors to This Issue

HENRY W. NEVINSON is well-known as essayist, war correspondent, and champion of oppressed peoples. He is author of a new volume of essays, "Changes and Chances," to be published later in America.

Correspondence

Euterpe in Arkansas

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I read with joy Mr. Edson's beguiling description of the happy state of Arkansas. I few issues later I was a bit taken aback to see in your correspondence column several letters from indignant natives of that State asserting that Arkansas had to the square mile as many leagues of paved road and readers of the *Ladies' Home Journal* as any other State. Nevertheless, being still desirous to go into that country, I sent a letter to a dealer in real estate who lives in a small town in the foothills of the famous Osarks, asking him for advice regarding farms in his territory. The answer I got was inclosed in an envelope upon which was printed in the upper left-hand corner this verse:

"There is a land the Lord has blessed
More richly far than all the rest.
In it you cannot find a flaw;
It is the State of Arkansas."

Not long after I received a "follow up" which greeted me from the envelope in this wise:

Colorado, irrigation.
Kansas, stagnation.
Say, why don't you come to Arkansas
Where they need no irrigation.
Any man can engage in speculation,
Bring on his wife's relation,
Have a good time and free salvation
Without any danger of starvation?"

After receipt of these letters I feel an inner urge to pack my goods. In a land where even the dry and callous "realtors" dally with Euterpe surely life must beckon.

EDITH SUMMERS KELLEY

North San Diego, California, September 62

Jim Crow Here and There

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: I notice that one of the railroad men who wrote to *The Nation* regarding my article, Jim Crow in Texas, merely hinted at "exaggeration." I did not tell the worst things to be told in that article, for I only told what had happened to me. Worse things have happened to others. A Negro bishop and his wife were made to get up in their night clothes and get out of a Pullman berth in Kentucky, simply because whites aboard objected to their presence on the car. A white woman was awarded "damages" against a railroad in Mississippi because she had to ride on a Pullman car in which some Negro bishops had a section. Two colored workers of the International Y. W. C. A. were compelled to get out of the drawing-room of a Pullman car a few months ago in Texas because whites who were riding in the open part of the car, and who could not even see the colored women in the drawing-room, and who only accidentally learned that colored people occupied this very separate accommodation, objected.

Coffeyville, Kansas, September 21

WILLIAM PICKENS

Gum and the Army

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of September 26 I learn that the *Army and Navy Journal* in November, 1922, reported Secretary Weeks as saying that the nation (with small n) spends more on chewing gum than it does on national defense.

This struck me as likely to be interesting equally to those who deplore it and to those who welcome it. So I set about verifying it. After looking in several wrong places in the index

to the World Almanac, I succeeded in extracting from that compendium the information that the value of America's chewing-gum product for 1919 was \$51,240,156, and that the "actual" budgets for 1922 included "Navy Dept.—Pay of the Navy \$170,660,523.38; increase of the Navy \$143,028,025.57; Marine Corps \$35,448,401.92; all other \$109,657,861.75" and "War Dept.—Pay of the Army \$50,692,348.10, Panama Canal, operation and maintenance, \$2,791,035.40, Rivers and Harbors \$43,262,427.26; all other \$305,312,638.86." Of course "All other" for the War Department must include all expenditures for arms (including artillery), munitions, horses, and the upkeep of forts and West Point. If Secretary Weeks recognizes these and the navy as part of the national defense, we must infer either that the expense of chewing gum has increased immensely since 1919, or that the Secretary spoke carelessly, or that the *Army and Navy Journal* proved itself an inaccurate reporter on such an occasion, and made its own champion ridiculous by exaggerating his words.

Ballard Vale, Mass., September 24 STEVEN T. BYINGTON

'It Shall Not Be Again'

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Permit an unclassified and unlabeled liberal-radical—I prefer the name humanitarian—to express his deepest appreciation of your editorial, *The Twilight of Civilization*, in the current issue of *The Nation*.

No, your picture is not overdrawn. *It could not be.* No pen nor brush is powerful enough adequately to describe or depict the horror, the anguish, the misery, the hunger pangs, the disease, the insanity (in the literal sense of the term) which are the direct results of the war and still more so of the infamous peace. And our participation in both is perhaps one of the principal causes of the misery and the reaction that we see around us.

In the terrible darkness that surrounds us there are a few beacons of light. And one of the steadiest, never-wavering beacons is *The Nation*.

In sincere appreciation of the work you are doing in combating ignorance, brutality, and reaction everywhere, I inclose check for one hundred dollars to help along the circulation of *The Nation*. May it forever remain a beacon light of peace, tolerance, fair play, and humanitarianism.

New York, October 14

DR. WILLIAM J. ROBINSON

Is This the Fact?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: In your issue of October 3, H. C. Dekker in speaking against birth control states that in the writer's opinion "the world would decline considerably in population if propagation were left to a pure parental instinct," and further on "we might confidently look for a tremendous decline in birth-rate were this kind of knowledge universally available and the means at hand to use it."

Exactly, but why call this an argument against birth control?
Mohegan Lake, N. Y., September 28 B. A. K.

Or This?

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: Mr. Dekker, in his letter in this week's *Nation* seems skeptical concerning the benefits of birth control, and is alarmed lest our population diminish to the vanishing point if we practice voluntary parenthood.

In Holland, where birth control has been practiced for a number of years, the population has *increased* and the infant mortality rate has *decreased*. Couples have children when they want them and when they can afford them.

New York, September 29

A. H. M.

Woodsmen

By GENEVIEVE TAGGARD

I think you draw out roses on the stem
Just by your love, because you look for them.

So a drab woman, when you look at her
Puts on new leaves where never any were.

No matter how much winter she has seen
Or how much sorrow, you will make her green.

If she should stand a skeleton-tree for years
You would not give her up, for all your fears,

But look at her as if she rustled soft
Multitudes of leaves held lightly up aloft,

Until her branches were an airy flush,
Color of second life, green burning bush.

And if the woman flings her hair, and shakes
Her thin leaves from her—bows her head and takes

The steep path down her roots, to lie as seed
Under the ragged triumph of a weed,

And though her shell grows crooked, cold and brown,
You let her go, and do not cut her down;

You let her go, content that she will come
Up from the earth in hymeneal bloom;

You do not cut her down—though all her sisters wear
Glittering leaves, and she is gaunt and spare.

Books

I, Pyramus, —

Some Makers of American Literature. By William Lyon Phelps. Marshall Jones Company. \$2.50.

I ADORE Billy Phelps. If that is the wrong way to begin a review of a book of criticism by the Lampson Professor of English Literature at Yale University, I must plead that for purposes of review this book has stumped me; but it has sealed my affection for the man. I can now readily see why it is that Professor Phelps is beloved by those youngsters who sit, or have sat, at his feet and who concede his deficiencies as a critic and yet champion his importance as an enthusiast for letters. He has, they will tell you, nothing of the pontiff or academician in him; he has not soured on his job; he hasn't the usual professorial vice of making the liveliest author seem like an embalmed cadaver; and he is so cheery, kind-hearted, and good-natured in expounding his unblunted tastes in books that he can make even Archibald Marshall appear as a writer full of gusto.

I know of no one who writes like Billy Phelps, unless it is Diogenes Laërtius. His mind hops around like a grasshopper; you never know where it is going to land next. There is no continuity or coherence (in the grammatical sense) in what he has to say. His essays are a patchwork of incredible irrelevancies. In the midst of a discussion of Emerson's idea of the Over-Soul he will suddenly be reminded that Emerson's favorite among his own poems was *The Daughter of Time* and will tell you, "I would not exchange *The Humblebee* for a hundred

Daughters of Time." Something seems to start him on a line of thought, but before he has developed it he thinks of something else. To follow him in his mental processes becomes a strange and fascinating sort of game. It takes a dull and humorless person not to enjoy him. And in his essays I seem to see a new art of expression, arising as clear and distinct as James Joyce in "Ulysses." Between the uncorrelated cerebral impressions and remembrances of Leopold Bloom as he walks down a Dublin street and an essay by Billy Phelps on Emerson or Webster there is a remarkable similarity:

"He [Webster] learned self-reliance by supporting himself through Dartmouth teaching, writing, and editing a newspaper. He was graduated in 1801, and in 1901 a week-long centenary celebration took place, which the Dartmouth authorities have incorporated in a handsome volume—invaluable to anyone interested in her greatest son."

This management of irrelevant anti-climax, this revolutionary syntax is nothing short of a triumph of genius. It is impossible not to conceive a vast affection for a man who writes such *non sequitur* paragraphs as these:

"We are fortunate enough to possess the numerous volumes of his [Emerson's] Journal, published not long ago, which illumine his inner life, and are full of good anecdotes. As Dr. Johnson wrote disparagingly of New Jersey, so Emerson gave a delightful opinion of Connecticut. In 1862 he met Mrs. John C. Fremont at Washington."

"In Anthony Trollope's little-known but highly interesting novel, 'The American Senator,' he makes a slip which would betray the fact that even if we did not know the author's name we should know that he was not an American. He invariably says Senator *for* Minnesota, instead of Senator *from* Minnesota. The little preposition displays the vast difference between the method of representation in the British House of Commons and our National Legislature. One reason why the average is higher than here, is because they have Open Constituencies, which makes it possible to secure the best men, and insures the country against the loss of their services in the event of a local defeat. The moment any statesman in England is defeated in an election, a number of constituencies come forward, and request that he do them the honor of being their representative in the House. With us, the Senator must reside in his State, and the representative in his district. The advantages of our system are, in my judgment, overweighted by its drawbacks. I think it would be fine if any State or district might choose the best man, regardless of his residence; then we could have at Washington a company of the ablest men in the country, met in the best interests of the nation."

It is all like that. There are, in this book, essays on Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin, Daniel Webster and Abraham Lincoln, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Mark Twain. They are discursive essays in which the art of digression is carried to its apotheosis. Something is always reminding Billy of the story of Pat and Mike, and the story of Pat and Mike reminds him that, though he is supposed to be talking about Emerson, personally he feels sure that Robert Burton got a lot of fun out of writing "The Anatomy of Melancholy." Having recorded that impression, he indulges in an adage: "It is forever characteristic of humanity that the more serious and ambitious a person is, the more he is given to self-reproach. Consider Milton's Sonnet on his twenty-third birthday."

Even when Billy reasons, he reasons in a fashion unlike anyone else: "As everyone knows, Emerson was a Unitarian minister, and he might have continued in that profession if it had not been for three things: he disliked all confessions of faith, he disliked preaching in the pulpit, and he particularly disliked pastoral work." This is very much as if one should say: He was a trapeze performer and he might have continued in his profession if it had not been for three things: he lost both legs in an accident, he went blind and suffered from palsy, and he became a convert of a religious cult which prohibited its adher-

ents from having anything to do with circuses. The reasons in both cases are remarkably complete.

Among his many other attractions as a writer, Billy Phelps has an aptitude for critical epigrams which are sure, succinct, and illuminating. Of James Fenimore Cooper he says, "he brought to the gates of immortality an enormous amount of excess baggage," which I take to be the best thing ever said about Cooper. No better differentiation of the personalities and points of view between Jonathan Edwards and Benjamin Franklin has been expressed than this: "Edwards would lie awake all night, thinking of some sin he had imagined himself guilty of committing; Franklin, after committing some gross sin, would write in his journal, 'Another erratum,' and calmly proceed with the day's work."

The essay on Emerson is really a masterpiece of hedging, wherein a sound critical sense creeps through a maze of benevolences. "In Emerson it is difficult to see the connection between any sentence and those that preceded or followed it. . . . Someone has wittily said that in Emerson's 'Essays' 'the whole is often less than the sum of its parts.' . . . It seems almost as if some of his essays would read as well backwards as forwards; or one might begin in the middle and read either way. . . . It is natural, therefore, that there should be some lack of connection; but, as a friend suggests, although the sentences were not always connected with one another, they were all connected with God."

And that's the way I feel about Billy Phelps. Although his sentences are not always connected with one another, they are connected with God. He is not urbane, but there is no malice in him; he is not a great critic, but he is a good sort of a person to instil in youths a love for literature; he is one of those for whom the profession of criticism has only one attraction—the pleasure of praising. I adore Billy Phelps.

BURTON RASCOE

Heretical Orthodoxy and the Cycle

Money. By William Trufant Foster and Waddill Catchings. Houghton Mifflin Company. \$3.50.

AFTER a quarter century's reading of books on money, this reviewer has at last come across one that helps him understand something about that puzzling subject. If the combination of trained economist and trained business man can give us a work like this, let us have more such combinations. By issuing this single book, if it had done and were to do nothing more, the Pollak Foundation would have justified its existence. But the publication of Mr. Fisher's monumental work on index numbers, and the announcement of other studies already well under way, give additional promise of the help that impartial scientific research is yet to render in the endless task of making more solid the material foundations of life.

The book under review is a remarkable study of money in its relation to prices in a world of private ownership of industry conducted for profit under the freest possible conditions of competition and individual initiative—that is, with all due qualifications, the United States of 1923. Economics in the existing world becomes "the science that deals with human interests from the standpoint of price." Disregarding a good part of the old meaningless textbook distinctions, the authors use the term money to cover, not only all forms of currency, but also bank credit, that is, deposits subject to check. This adoption of everyday business terminology makes it possible to understand something of the relation between money and price. Inflation is a matter of simple mathematical definition: "any increase in the volume of money that is accompanied by a rise in the general price level." Deflation is the reverse. Our entire economic life, from the business point of view, is simply a process of buying and selling for money. As the sole purpose of money, socially considered, however, is to keep goods flowing smoothly and continuously from producer to consumer

in as large a stream as possible, the community has one overwhelmingly important interest in the money system. That system should be such as to maintain a stable price level. "Where the price level happens to be is of minor importance; the major need is that it should stay where it is." Viewed in this light, no small part of the boasted "flexibility" of our banking system becomes sheer perversity. The sturdy realism of the treatment of business activity in money terms, as opposed to an economics which regards money as insignificant and modern trade as only refined barter, is refreshing to others besides the tired business man. At last we are beginning to find out what the earlier economists never discovered, namely, that money can obstruct as well as facilitate production and exchange. With rare success, Messrs. Foster and Catchings show how it does so, and they accordingly offer a fruitful suggestion for the control of the business cycle.

It is impossible, within the available space limits, to present even the outlines of the argument, but its drift may be suggested. The primary essential to business stability is that dollar-demand for consumers' goods shall match the value of such goods offered for sale at current prices within a period of a year (nature's cycle). But in our money economy this annual production-consumption equation is upset because of the time factor introduced by money. Money (including, be it remembered, bank deposits) is suspended purchasing power. Though the banking system be maintained absolutely on a gold basis, even so the two basic assumptions of orthodox theory do not hold true: goods produced do not necessarily correspond to new credit created, and new credit and new goods necessarily do not affect the market at the same time. Hence at one time, as in the period just after the war, new credit, rapidly passing on, through wage and other payments, into the hands of consumers, puts dollar-demand far in excess of the value of the current output of consumers' goods at current prices. A business boom inevitably follows. At another time, as in 1921, the situation is reversed, and we find ourselves in the trough of depression. The root difficulty is our lack of knowledge and intelligence sufficient to keep the money supply in right relation to the current output of goods; it is not any inherent defect in our system of private property, competition, individual initiative, and profit-making, which the authors stoutly defend.

Their suggestion for a remedy is bold, interesting, heterodox, and, in the reviewer's judgment, theoretically sound. The gold standard is a necessary concession to human weakness; for "with humanity as it is no nation has ever kept its paper money within bounds without arbitrary restraint." "The gold basis, in spite of the fortuitous output of mines and the equally fortuitous acts of legislatures, has come nearer than any other basis to maintaining the stability of the money unit. . . . Confusion is better than chaos." Yet though the gold basis as a stabilizer of prices is better than nothing, in fact it is a miserable failure. Retaining the gold basis as a precautionary measure only, we should therefore utilize our present enormous gold reserve to make a courageous experiment in stabilizing our price level, as one of the greatest services we can do to ourselves and the world. All the gold might be used as a reserve against currency, which, aside from subsidiary coin, might well be of but one single sort—United States notes. When the price level, as indicated by perfected index numbers, began to rise, the amount of such notes in circulation might be decreased by the sale of government securities in the open market. As the price level fell, the government might buy such securities, thus increasing the supply of currency and tending to keep up prices. If then the rediscount policy of the Federal Reserve banks also were directed solely to the maintenance of a stable price level, inflation and deflation due to expansion and contraction of bank deposits could be curbed. Thus two powerful forces for stability would cooperate, one affecting the volume of currency, the other of bank deposits. The plan is as sound as it is bold, though its full operation,

as the authors point out, requires more knowledge than we yet possess. Imagine, however, the grief of the "sound money" advocates of our boyhood if the United States should be converted by the cogent arguments of these orthodox heretics to some such scheme as this for an intelligent political-mathematical control of the money supply and the price level, instead of leaving the whole matter in the hands of God—or the devil.

To criticize a book of this importance within the limits of a review is even less easily possible than to state its argument adequately. In the judgment of the reviewer, the fundamental position of the authors is well taken. Economists and monetary theorists will have to take account of their proposal, to say nothing of its value for business men and legislators, provided they can be induced to do the hard reading the book demands. Notwithstanding the authors' explicit and repeated recognition of the importance of monopoly in current business life, however, they no less specifically decline to build it into their scheme. The beauty of their theoretical structure is perhaps enhanced thereby, but it may be doubted whether its foundations are rendered the more secure, and it is not impossible that some of their practical deductions are laid open to attack. Nevertheless the book deals with a fundamental problem of social well-being in a manner uncommonly stimulating and suggestive. It is highly realistic, well thought out, and clearly presented. The best service of a reviewer in such cases is perhaps simply to urge everyone to read, mark, and inwardly digest.

HENRY RAYMOND MUSSEY

New Unionism for Old

Labor's Money. By Richard Boeckel. Harcourt, Brace and Company. \$1.50.

THE traditional methods of trade unionism—collective bargaining, the strike, the boycott, and other forms of economic coercion—have failed in any satisfying measure to give the worker what he wants: "increased purchasing power, decent working conditions, more leisure, security against unemployment." The traditional aim of trade unionism—an organization strong enough to wring advances in money wages from the employers—no longer satisfies the worker. Therefore new methods and new aims are rapidly taking the place of the old. Labor is now seeking the control of industry. Through such control it intends to secure that higher standard of life toward which it has so long been struggling. Aims so radical call for new and radical methods. Chief among the new methods of this new unionism is the entrance of labor into the field of banking and investment. But labor banks are only the surface waves of the movement; forces of incalculable might, in whose keeping the whole future of society rests, are surging in the depths. In all his discussion of the details of this phenomenal development, Mr. Boeckel never loses sight of the close relation of the labor banking movement to the new unionism.

The modern trade union, with its system of dues, its huge strike benefit funds and insurance departments, is the custodian of enormous sums of money. Such funds have been deposited in banks where as ordinary savings deposits they have received a low rate of return. These very funds have often been loaned by the banks to anti-union employers. Faced with this situation, it was natural for the more far-sighted labor leaders to organize banks of their own, where union funds would receive a fair return, and where the power behind those funds would be expended, not in union-breaking campaigns, but in productive enterprises. This idea has spread to the ends of the country, and has touched every phase of the labor movement.

Mr. Boeckel has given an admirable account of the causes leading up to the advent of labor in finance and has resisted the temptation to paint too highly the possibilities of the newer methods. Throughout, he emphasizes the problems of technique involved in transferring the control of industry. But

labor's most serious problem is not one of technique; it is something far more subtle. Labor is trustee of the "Humane Ideal": it is dedicated to the task of making industrial life less savage, more considerate of human desires and needs—needs not capable of expression in the vocabulary of the economist. If labor loses sight of this ideal in its search for a technique, its ultimate assumption of control will be a fruitless victory. In a failure to point out this insidious pitfall in labor's path lies the major (and almost the sole) weakness of the author's book.

In discussing the labor banks, it is customary to refer to them as "cooperative" enterprises: Mr. Boeckel says the "workers' banks . . . are operated along cooperative lines"; the largest bank of all is called "The Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers Cooperative National Bank." This is a misuse of the word, unless indeed all its meaning, acquired through long usage by the English and continental movements is extracted, leaving only a loose, flabby term. This is not the place to go into detail. It must be sufficient to point out that in a true co-operative bank a union holding 51 per cent of the stock would have but one vote, no more than the holder of a single share; that not only stockholders but depositors and borrowers would have a voice in management; that the loan service would be extended chiefly to depositors and stockholders, which is not at all the case in the banks under discussion. Present-day labor banks are simply corporations which have imposed upon themselves certain extraordinary restrictions, such as the limitation of dividends to stockholders, and the division of earnings with depositors and borrowers. But they are still traditional corporations—corporations with a soul perhaps—but corporations nevertheless.

Mr. Boeckel's book comes at a strategic time. If widely read it will doubtless be very instrumental in spreading an intelligent understanding of the new unionism, not only among unionists themselves, but also among that increasingly large group of the amorphous "general public" who see in the labor movement the hope of a sorely vexed society.

DAVID E. LILIENTHAL

After "La Garçonne," "Le Compagnon"

Le Compagnon. By Victor Margueritte. Paris: Ernest Flammarion. 7 francs.

THE echoes of the tumult and the shouting which greeted the appearance of "La Garçonne" last year having hardly subsided, Victor Margueritte has followed it with "Le Compagnon," a book no less likely to provoke vigorous disagreement. In publishing "Le Compagnon" Victor Margueritte makes a gesture of defiance and of affirmation, the affirmation of the right of the artist to write as he thinks and of whatever he sees, and he does more than this. He carries his exposition of feminism as he sees it a step further; to the point, as he indicates in the preface, where man himself suffers from the laws he has made. In this respect also "Le Compagnon" is the logical sequel of "La Garçonne." Monique Lerbier, the heroine of "La Garçonne," revolting out of blind suffering and disillusionment from the ugly world she lived in, and driven by that suffering into excesses in which she found no happiness, is a victim of circumstances. Annik Raimbert, the "Compagnon" of the later novel, is the product of a sane education. She is not a drifter like Monique but a conscious rebel, and going much further in her rebellion does so knowing and choosing her path. While the later volume deals no less frankly and crudely, though at somewhat lesser length, with the unsavory customs of certain Parisian circles, its chief interest lies in the story of Annik, the emancipated woman of the future as Victor Margueritte conceives her and with the marriage of the future as it will be when women like Annik have a part in shaping it.

Annik is not a "garçonne" in the same sense as Monique. A woman lawyer, a radical, living and working independently in Paris, she enters into a free union with the man she loves,

Amedée Jacquemin, a Socialist deputy and theoretically a convert to equal rights and complete freedom for women. She and Jacquemin are happy in their union until her pregnancy, when convention reasserts itself in her lover and he insists on marriage and the legitimation of the child. Annik refuses. She feels that marriage and legitimation can add nothing to their happiness or to the welfare of the child, but she knows that it would rob her of her freedom. It is not for nothing that she is a lawyer and knows the rights which French law gives to husbands and fathers, or has seen the slavery to which an unhappy marriage has reduced her weaker convent-bred sister Paule. Failing to convince her lover, she succeeds, at the risk as she fully realizes of their happiness together, in frustrating his intention of declaring his parenthood simultaneously with hers, which formality under the Code gives the father control even of an illegitimate child. It is this incident which is the climax of their struggle and of the book. With great skill and sympathy Margueritte has shown this struggle and the suffering of two people loving each other sincerely and finely, but hopelessly divided as it seems by the allegiance of the one to the conviction of tomorrow and of the other to the convention of yesterday. In the end, however, Annik's steadfastness triumphs over the conventionality of her lover and Amedée comes slowly to accept and even to rejoice in the situation which gives her complete control of their child. Annik's right to herself and her children being established their union continues and their happiness grows and deepens. Annik to Victor Margueritte represents the wife of the future, the "compagnon" of man and mistress of her own destiny, whether her mating be accompanied by a legal formula or whether, as he apparently hopes, she chooses to dispense with it. That her vision transcends that of most of her sisters today, however, he is well aware, as he has shown in the tragic figure of her sister Paule, and other feminine characters in the book who bow more or less submissively to the yoke of present-day marriage.

Such a book will, of course, be denounced as immoral in certain quarters. It is inevitable that a book so candid, so generous, so scathing in its attack on recognized institutions, so fearless and unashamed before natural phenomena (though curiously somewhat savage and uncomprehending in its condemnation of any unusual form of sexual satisfaction), so severely moral in fact should fall foul of censorship in any land. Its candor will probably stand in the way of its being translated into English or freely circulated in this country, which will be particularly unfortunate if its effect is to add to the legend of Victor Margueritte as the author of pornographic books, rather than of social documents. Under our Sumnerism no other reason need be advanced to bar it. In Europe, however, there are apparently further reasons, whether avowed or not, why such a book is denounced and why a campaign of mudslinging is inaugurated against its author, culminating in the action of the Legion of Honor, which in spite of the plea of Anatole France not to make itself eternally ridiculous in this way, last January solemnly struck Victor Margueritte's name from the list of its members. The echoes of the controversy which reached our shores dealt mainly with Margueritte's supposed pornography, the charge being based on his convincing, brutal, and it was said wholly unnecessary picture of debauchery. But Margueritte's offense is not and was not that he describes debauchery but that he does not stop there. If he had, his books would probably have been no more interesting or important than any of the crop of post-war flapper exposés that have wearied us for the last three years. But Margueritte is profoundly concerned with what is back of that debauchery. It was his crime to be in passionate revolt against a greed-ridden, hypocritical, militaristic society, which made such debauchery possible at a time when it was still largely dominated by greedy, hypocritical, militaristic politicians. His feminism is only one aspect of that revolt. He is as much in revolt against the exploitation of workers in war and industry and against the tyranny and hypocrisy of church and state as he is against the

subjection of women. Out of that revolt he dared even to attack the "war against war" and the makers and the profiteers of that war, and to put upon them squarely the responsibility for the conditions he described. Hence, no doubt, the scurrying to cover and the denunciation of Margueritte as pornographic, mercenary, and a defamer of French virtue and womanhood. Of the animus back of all this he is, of course, fully aware. He has painted the picture of a society, "such," in the words of Anatole France, "as never existed before in France," and of which, he says, that Margueritte's account is, if anything, an understatement. Out of his fierce disgust with this society Margueritte has imagined a utopian world in which men and women love and work equally and freely, in which all childhood is protected and all motherhood revered, and in which girls and boys receive from their mothers an education that will end war. He has made Annik the radiant spokeswoman of that world. One wonders if her voice, too, will be drowned for the many by those of the critics who will be able to see in this beautiful, wistful, uneven book only filth, pornography, and the defamation of French womanhood.

MARTHA GRUENING

Spurious Anthropology

The Jews in America. By Burton J. Hendrick. Doubleday, Page & Company. \$1.50.

IT is reasonable to expect that the writer who makes a startling, sweeping change in the arrangement of those items of information which the world accepts as its history should present some newly discovered facts, some authoritative documents, to support his own interpretation. The ethnologist or archaeologist who makes the claim that there are two distinct strains in the Englishman of today, an English and an Armenian strain, would back up his assertion with tables and measurements and probably a new cranial index.

But Mr. Hendrick, depending on the prevalent will to believe anything derogatory to the Jews presents his theory that the difference between the Polish and the Spanish or German Jew is almost as great "as that between an Armenian and an Englishman" without any more substantial evidence than a map he has drawn for the purpose—like the fisherman who proves the size of "the one that got away" by the missing bait from his hook. Dr. Maurice Fishberg, the only authority cited by Mr. Hendrick in the course of his historical narrative, has recently characterized the author as "the inquiring reporter . . . innocent of biology and anthropology."

Mr. Hendrick's theory is commendable for its simplicity. Once upon a time, he writes, there was a wild Tartar tribe called the Khazars which invaded and occupied southern Russia, then and there adopted Judaism, and eventually was driven out of the territory. What more natural than that it should have gone to what is now Poland since that was just across the western border? By this reasoning the Polish Jew is made kin to "the unspeakable Turk" to be equally shunned, despised, exterminated, or dealt with in whatever manner pious souls are now advocating as medicine for the sick man of Europe.

This theory, however, runs counter to a number of facts of which Mr. Hendrick was apparently in ignorance when he wrote.

1. Only the king of the Khazars and the governing classes professed the Jewish religion. Among the lower classes the three monotheistic religions were all represented, and in addition a considerable number of pagans still survived.

2. The Russian tribes invaded and destroyed the Khazar settlements in the Caspian region 966-969 A.D. The Khazars withdrew to the Crimean peninsula, which for a long time was known as Khazaria, but fell before the onslaughts of the Russians and the Byzantines in 1016. Tradition holds that the royal house fled to their coreligionists in Spain. The rest of the nation was scattered and lost while the few who professed Judaism were merged with the native Jews of Crimea.

3. The Jewish settlements in Poland were made by the hordes fleeing from Germany during the Crusades and enlarged by the refugees from Spain during the Inquisition.

4. The German Jews of today whom Mr. Hendrick holds to be of a different breed from their Polish coreligionists are, in the main, descendants of Polish Jews who returned to Germany about a century ago.

My data are gathered from the only three available sources, and, unless Mr. Hendrick sought a revelation from his inner consciousness to uphold the theory that the Polish Jew is a descendant of the Mongolian Khazar tribe, he must have turned perforce to the same sources of historical information. They are the early Arabian and Hebrew chronicles, "The History of the Jews in Russia and Poland" by S. M. Dubnow, and the later texts of those who have utilized the research material presented in Dubnow's definitive work. Each of these proves Mr. Hendrick wrong.

As a matter of fact, Mr. Hendrick refused to be enlightened. For when the chapters of this book appeared as articles in the *World's Work*, they called forth a mass of challenging and protesting letters, among which was an offer of Bernard G. Richards, secretary of the American Jewish Congress, to procure for the magazine a refutation of Mr. Hendrick's assertions by any reputable historian the editors might choose to name. So that when the book appeared, five months later, the author was aware that many considered his map worthless and misleading, his distinctions spurious and vicious, his conclusions false and libelous.

The author's failings are not confined to a miscitation of records. He betrays in his general discussion that psychopathic trait of a bigot, the desire to beat his victim with both ends of the stick at the same time. Thus he criticizes the Polish Jew for lack of patriotism and for his tenacious love of his people, customs, and religion; for monopolizing all business and for playing an insignificant part "in the great tide of American business and finance"; for being poor and clannish and for trying to be rich and break into society; for working eighteen and twenty hours a day in sweatshops and—most damning sin of all—for radicalism in demanding shorter hours and decent working conditions. He cites some of the least creditable names as examples of the Polish Jews and for many of the noted members of the race that he mentions he presents a fictitious Spanish or German ancestry. It is surprising that so keen a journalist as Mr. Hendrick did not recognize that by piling up his contradictions in so gross a manner he has made the indictment self-defeating.

The author's purpose seems eminently laudable: he has sought a goat for the accused members of his race and found one in the Polish Jew.

JOHAN J. SMERTENKO

Books in Brief

The Little Tigress. By Wallace Smith. With drawings from a field sketchbook. G. P. Putnam's Sons. \$2.50.

Mr. Smith is a brave man, and a better artist than writer. His uncompromising and unvarnished condemnation of the ignorance and stupidity that make up the average American's conception of Mexico proves him brave; his strength as artist is shown in the drawings which, though too painstaking and refined in technique to be completely in accord with the rough spirit of his material, capture and communicate the individual mood of his subjects. They succeed in making the unusual natural. But his stories and written sketches fail at just this point. They make the unusual also unnatural by the author's overemphasis of the elements of suspense and humor, by his straining after effects, in short, by his attempt to make these "tales out of the dust of Mexico" like the romantic sentimentalities of Richard Harding Davis. When, as in *Nocturne* and *Greaser and Gringo*, Mr. Smith writes most naturally, we have convincing narrative, clear, honest, and interesting.

A Mid-Victorian Pepys. Annotated and edited by S. M. Ellis. George H. Doran Company. \$7.50.

A collection of rather dull gossip, extracted from letters sent by Sir William Hardman, an English lawyer of convivial tastes, to an Australian friend between the years 1859 to 1863. It by no means fulfils the expectations aroused by the title, but it may incidentally be of service to historians of our Civil War by furnishing them with specimens of the virulent hatred then felt toward the North by some English Tories. A curious feature of the book is the extraordinary conception of an editor's functions held by the compiler, who interpolates unnecessary explanatory passages of great length; e. g., a mention of the death of the Prince Consort provokes a whole page of editorial comment on his character.

The American Jewish Year-Book. Volume 25. Edited by Harry Schneiderman for the American Jewish Committee. Jewish Publication Society.

The new edition of this invaluable year-book adds to its usual compilations, statistics, and summary of Jewish history in the past year a fascinating series of colonial Jewish portraits, including several Gilbert Stuarts and Sullys, and an exquisite Malbone miniature of that Rebecca Gratz whose beauty is said to have stirred Sir Walter Scott to name the fairer heroine of "Ivanhoe" after her.

Drama

Muted Strings

THE light of the mind is flickering. Let us save it before it goes out. Galsworthy despairs of it; Molnar and Pirandello disregard it. "Follow your instincts," counsels the admirable Mr. Bly in "Windows" (Garriick Theater). And that is, as a matter of fact, very good advice if it means follow your instincts rather than your prejudices or your superstitions. But cannot the instincts be, well, not restrained, but tempered and guided a little by the reason? Pirandello and Molnar are, apparently, beyond any such question. They give us studies in pure pain—the pangs of despised love, the woe of a woman who loses an old self for another and can endure neither continuance nor return. I am not asking for the trumps of action, the falseness of decisions and solutions. In Schnitzler, too, for instance in "The Great Domain," in "The Lonely Way," we have the minor-keyed chronicles of subtle and wavering souls. But these souls know, at least, that they are living and experiencing. The self, in them, still surveys experience; the mind, however powerless, is vigilant.

It is that, at least, always in Galsworthy. There is always an intellectual fineness about his work. If he is never fine as flame, he is never less fine than lace. The threads are delicate. But they are strong and visible. You watch that precise and thoughtful weaving with admiration, with respect, though sometimes with a touch of impatience. The impatience, in the case of "Windows," arises from the fact that one suspects in the conclusion both a touch of condescension and of rigidity. Why cannot such a girl as Faith Bly be saved? Largely because she is supposed, by this moral and social order, to need "salvation." She, like the Frenchman in "The Pigeon," belongs to the "wild ones of earth"—seekers of mere beauty, mere delight. But society denies these and, by denying, degrades them. It is the social stigma which eats into these fluttering hearts. Mr. Galsworthy feels that; he does not see it. Hence he dismisses Faith with a gesture of elegant despair. It is the elegance of his despair that is a little troubling. If Faith could not indeed be saved, if her end was, unescapably, painted cheeks and draggled skirts and upon her the dead eyes of fat men in club windows, then we had a right to demand not a louder but a firmer judgment of a world and an order in which such things can be.

NEW STEWART KIDD BOOKS

THREE MODERN JAPANESE PLAYS

Translated by Yozan T. Iwasaki and Glenn Hughes
With an introduction by Glenn Hughes

These short plays are the direct result of Western influences and are representative of the new drama movement in Japan, which is, not supplanting, but very decidedly challenging the *No*, the *Kabuki*, and the *Doll-play*. The plays are: *The Razor*, by Kichizo Nakamura. *The Madman on the Roof*, by Kan Kikuchi. *Nari-kin*, by Yozan T. Iwasaki. Decorated boards, \$1.50 net

ONE-ACT PLAYS FROM THE YIDDISH

Translated by Etta Block

Champagne, by Isaac Loeb Perez. Mother and Son, by J. Halpern. The Stranger, by Perez Hirschbein. The Snowstorm, by Perez Hirschbein. When the Dew Falleth, by Perez Hirschbein. The Eternal Song, by Marc Arnstein. These plays are some of the finest examples of the one-act form in Yiddish, and Miss Block, the authorized translator, has lifted them over into English without losing their distinctive flavor. \$2.00 net

THE SEA-WOMAN'S CLOAK AND NOVEMBER EVE

by Amelie Rives (Princess Troubetzkoy)

Amelie Rives is an American. These two 3-act plays are Irish. It has been said of her that she has a genius for all English forms. *The Sea Woman's Cloak* and *November Eve* are evidence in part, of this statement's truth. They are as Irish as anything of Yeats's, Synge's, Lady Gregory's. As individual. As enchanting. \$2.50 net

HUMBLE FOLK, by Bosworth Crocker

Introduction by Ludwig Lewisohn

One-act plays which have been produced by the Washington Square Players and other Little Theatre groups. They are: *The Baby Carriage*, *The Dog*, *The Last Straw*, *The First Time*, *The Cost of a Hat*. Alexander Woolcott calls them "sympathetic and lifelike to a degree." \$2.00 net

SHAKESPEARE, University Society Edition

Founded on the famous Cambridge text, this edition is complete in eight volumes and includes thirty-seven Plays, The Poems and Sonnets, and a Life of Shakespeare. Each play has a frontispiece and is prefaced with a critical account of the plot, its probable source, etc. The type is large and readable. Price for complete set, \$12.00

ONE THOUSAND AND ONE PLAYS FOR THE LITTLE THEATRE

Selected and compiled by Frank Shay

A handbook of great value to those interested in the reading or producing of plays. The list is arranged alphabetically by authors and organizations and gives the title, nature of the play, number of men and women, and the publisher. Art Boards, \$1.00 net

MARCH HARES by Harry Wagstaff Gribble

A satire in temperamentalists. N. Y. Eve. Telegram: "A delightful work, as good as Oscar Wilde at his best, sharply defined, brilliant, and deliciously amusing." \$2.00

PLAYS FOR A FOLDING THEATRE

by Colin Campbell Clements

Seven short plays. Oakland Tribune: "Those in search of effective material should give these a reading." \$2.00

DRAMATICS FOR SCHOOL AND COMMUNITY

by Claude Merton Wise

On directing, staging, lighting, making-up, costuming, etc. Ill. \$3.00

CHECKER CLASSICS by Erroll A. Smith

Shows how famous experts have won and lost. \$2.00

BILL JOHNSTON'S JOY BOOK

Edited by William T. Johnston

2,002 jokes and amusing stories classified and indexed. Houston Post: "A fat volume packed with laughter." \$2.50

REAL ESTATE BUSINESS AS A PROFESSION

by John B. Spilker, LL.B.

Instructor in Real Estate at the University of Cincinnati. Revised Enlarged Illustrated Edition.

The first practical treatise on Real Estate Business based, not on abstract theories, but on the experience of leading realtors. When first published in September, 1921, it was adopted as a text book by the Universities of Cincinnati, Atlanta, Milwaukee, and Kansas City, and was enthusiastically commended by prominent realtors in Canada and the United States. \$4.00 net

New Editions

Portmanteau and More Portmanteau Plays

by Stuart Walker
Each vol. \$2.50 net

Comedies of Words and Other Plays
Translated by Pierre Loving.

by Arthur Schnitzler
\$2.50 net

Lucky Pehr

Translated by Velma S. Howard.

by August Strindberg
\$2.50 net

Book of Black Bass

author of "Bass, Pike, Perch, and Other Game Fishes of America." Revised and rewritten. Many new illustrations. \$1.50

Our 1923 General Catalogue sent free on request

STEWART KIDD, CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

In Canada: 25 Richmond Street, West, Toronto



Molnar in "Launzi" (Plymouth Theater) takes faint memories of Juliet, Ophelia, Hannele, and melts them into a futile pathos. Launzi loves Imre who loves her subtle, morbid, beautiful mother. And that mother plays with Imre because her soul cannot in reality love the ruthless industrialist. Here, in the first act, strong and credible motives are set in action. Imre is of the pure, poetic, pacifist youth of Central Europe. In his passion for Claire blend many passions—among them a passion of revolt against a world of steel, business, blood. But with the end of the first act all these motives are abandoned. What follows is a study in regressive insanity, probably dementia praecox. Launzi's soul is too wounded to endure reality and withdraws from it. She thinks she is dead; she thinks she is an angel. There follow scenic pictures which approach more and more the level of Christmas cards that show cherubs with very pink cheeks and warm yet forlorn looking little houses in drifts of gritty and slightly gleaming snow put on with paste and warranted to move the simple heart. The Christmas legends are duly printed across the top—all of them. The world becomes pure lithograph. Village children sing carols. I almost suspect that Claire became reconciled to her first husband, Launzi's father, a "music master," and settled down in his mother's cottage. And, in the first act, she was—Hedda, Hedda with more passion and more goodness.

In Pirandello you never get such playing to the gallery that exists in the heart of the pit. "Floriani's Wife" (Greenwich Village Theater) is imagined with a certain meticulousness, almost with a faint doggedness. It may be true; it is not important. Vanna never lets us know her inner processes except

through tortured hints. Thus her actions remain obscure. Her tragedy is precipitated, moreover, by her daughter's rigidly Catholic temper. Would Vanna have accepted that tragedy? Would she not have faced Livia with the accusation of her human experience, wisdom, suffering? In Italy perhaps not. But the strain remains, for Luigi Pirandello is not strong enough to universalize the concrete, to project his parish into the world.

The Guild production of "Windows" is by far the most steadily intelligent and finished of the three. The casting of Phyllis Povah does not satisfy me and the cook is a trifle low comedy. The others are admirable. Helen Westley has a remarkably deep, clear, and imaginative moment, and Henry Travers gives one of the most veracious, concrete, and memorable performances one is likely to see. Mr. Hopkins's production of "Launzi" is so hushed in the first act that it is almost a dumb show. The best part of the play must be inferred. This is the more to be regretted since Miss Millay's English phrasing is a source of pleasure in itself. Mr. Jones's scenery, especially in the last act, is lovely and suggestive as usual; Miss Pauline Lord's fine modulation both inner and outer of the long note of wistful yearning and utter defeat which she has to sustain cannot easily be praised too highly. In "Floriani's Wife" all that is notable is Margaret Wycherly's acting. She is a little gesticulatory at first. Later she becomes quieter and intenser. She has moments then that I shall long see. But she cannot, of course, emerge from the obscurity in which Pirandello has left the character itself.

LUDWIG LEWISOHN

LECTURES AND AMUSEMENTS

The Theatre Guild presents JOHN GALSWORTHY'S COMEDY **WINDOWS**

GARRICK THEATRE, 65 West 35th Street
Matinees Thursday and Saturday

UKRAINIAN NATIONAL CHORUS, with Ewssei Belousoff, Russia's foremost cellist, soloist

"Here was that noblest and austere and most stringently moral thing in the world—perfection."—Mr. Ludwig Lewisohn in *The Nation*, Nov. 1, 1922.

"The most amazing and beautiful singing heard here in the memory of middle-aged men."—Mr. Henderson in the *New York Sun*.

TOWN HALL—October 25, 26, 27, 28, at 8:15.

Tickets \$1.00—\$3.00 now on sale at box office.

YIDDISH ART THEATRE 27th Street and Madison Avenue

Evenings 8:30. Matinees, Saturday and Sunday, 2:30.

MAURICE SWARTZ PRODUCTIONS

Friday evening, Saturday and Sunday Matinees and evenings Monday through Thursday evenings.
"SABBATI ZEVI" "The Seven Who Were Hanged"
By Andreyev

FROLIC THEATRE ATOP NEW AMSTERDAM THEATRE, WEST 42nd ST.

MONDAY NIGHT, OCTOBER 15th

THE SELYNS Announce First American Appearance of THE

GRAND GUIGNOL PLAYERS

Direct from the Grand Guignol Theatre, Paris
COMPLETE CHANGE OF BILL EACH WEEK

The Acclaimed Triumph

DAVID BELASCO Presents

MRS. FISKE in "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary"

A Comedy by ST. JOHN ERVINE

BELASCO West 44th Street. Evs. at 8:30
Mats. Thurs. & Sat., 2:30

Everybody's in Love With

IN LOVE WITH LOVE

Lynn Fontanne Ralph Morgan Henry Hull

RITZ Theatre, West 48th Street. Evening 8:30
Matinee Wed. & Sat. at 2:30

COMEDY THEATRE, 41st, E. of B'way. Evs. 8:30. Matinees, Thursday and Saturday, 2:30.

Children of the Moon

WITH AN ALL-STAR CAST.

THE PLAYHOUSE

W. 48th ST., Bryant 2628

Matinees: Wed. and Sat.

A Play the American Theatre can be proud of

CHAINS

"The most intelligent American play of the season."—Percy Hammond, *N. Y. Tribune*.

THE SHAKESPEARE FESTIVAL

E. H. JULIA SOTHERN - MARLOWE

Entire week Oct. 22, Twelfth Night; Oct. 29, Romeo and Juliet; Nov. 5, Merchant of Venice; Nov. 12, Hamlet.
JOLSON'S 59th ST. THEATRE. Evgs. 8 sharp. Only Mats. Sats. 2 sharp.

International Relations Section

Republican Prisoners in the Irish Free State

IN an editorial comment on the Irish elections in a recent issue, *The Nation* criticized the conditions of Irish prisons in which thousands of Republicans are at present incarcerated. We have received various protests from official Irish bodies and we take this opportunity in the International Relations Section to present in documentary form the testimony of the parties to the controversy and of the Red Cross Commission which made an investigation.

An Official Protest

A reply to *The Nation* is contained in the following statement from the Irish Government Publicity Department, which protests against the wide-spread reports of brutality and shocking physical conditions.

In your issue of September 12, 1923, commenting on affairs in the Irish Free State, you declare that the prison conditions here "are so shocking as to impugn the humanity and decency of the Free State Government." It would be difficult for any newspaper to glean the truth from the statements of Irregular propagandists, which must at the very least be one-sided. We therefore inclose for your information the report of the International Committee of the Red Cross on the subject. You will note that the committee says that the treatment of the prisoners "is devoid of all hostile spirit," and that "the Government refuses the status of 'prisoners of war' to the prisoners, but in reality treats them as such." You will also note that the delegate nowhere found "a wounded or sick prisoner left without medical treatment. On the contrary he found everywhere a carefully organized medical service." Finally the committee declares that "the complaints regarding the prohibition of correspondence with prisoners' families, sanitary conditions, and food in the camps are unfounded." The reason for the continued detention of the Irregular prisoners is not political. Though the active Irregulars have to a large extent ceased their hostilities against the National Government, they have not surrendered, but merely "dumped" their arms, presumably for use as opportunity may offer. That the Irregulars regard the present cessation as a mere breathing space is amply proved by the declarations of some of their leaders and by letters published (after capture) by the Government. In one of these Mr. Frank Aiken discusses the possibilities of poison gas in the impending conflict. In another, written on July 8, 1923, he orders his subordinates to "send in a report at least weekly" on such subjects as "Enemy posts—description with view to attack; transport; possibilities of buying arms and ammunition, etc." On June 11 Miss MacSwiney, speaking at Kilkenny, said: "The men that were fighting were getting ready to fight again, and would fight if the Irish people attempted to turn down the Irish Republic. . . ." The Government's first duty is to safeguard the lives and properties of law-abiding citizens; and to release the prisoners in a wholesale manner under these circumstances would be a flagrant dereliction of that duty. In the meantime they are detained under conditions which are as humane and considerate as any government similarly situated could grant. In a few cases, where prisoners have done malicious damage to prison property, disciplinary measures have had to be taken, but the vast majority of the prisoners have no complaints against their treatment.

It may be added that over 500 prisoners were released last month.

The Red Cross Inquiry

AS the result of complaints directed against the Irish Free State Government for its treatment of Republican prisoners, the International Committee of the Red Cross decided to make "an inquiry of a purely non-political and technical nature into the position of the said prisoners." M. Schlemmer and M. Haccius were appointed as delegates. The former secured the consent of the Free State Government and then M. Haccius conducted a personal investigation. We quote below those sections of the committee's report which give M. Haccius's findings:

M. R. Haccius was delegated to visit the prison camps from the point of view of their organization and accommodation, and of the sanitary conditions of the internees. We give the following extracts of information from the report submitted by our delegate:

The total number of prisoners and internees is about 11,500 men and 250 women. Our delegate visited the principal camps comprising a total of 7,369 prisoners. The treatment of these prisoners is devoid of all hostile spirit and the general principles adopted by the tenth International Conference of the Red Cross are observed. The Government refuses the status of prisoners of war to the prisoners, but in reality treats them as such.

The delegate particularly draws the attention of the committee to the fact that nowhere did he find a wounded or sick prisoner left without medical treatment. On the contrary he found everywhere a carefully organized medical service. The serious accusations made on this subject appear to him unfounded.

The delegate was not able to visit the prison at Kilmainham where 250 women are detained, but has no reason to believe that the treatment there is different to that adopted at Mountjoy. Thirteen of those prisoners had been on hunger-strike since the day of their arrest to obtain their release or immediate trial, and not as a protest against the prison regime. This fact is moreover verified by their written statements. The delegate did not consider it his duty to insist on getting into touch with these prisoners, fearing that his intervention, misinterpreted, would only encourage them to persist in their attitude, and give rise to a new case of strike. During his sojourn three of these prisoners were released.

The buildings of the old North Dublin Union are in the course of alteration for the reception of those detained in Kilmainham. These buildings with the surrounding garden will fulfil all desirable hygienic conditions.

The instructions given by the International Committee of the Red Cross to its delegate exclude certain representations and sworn inquiries bearing on individual complaints. It is a fact that searches have taken place in various private hospitals, but the working of these hospitals has not been interfered with. There are grounds for the complaints of overcrowding in Mountjoy Prison.

The complaints regarding the prohibition of correspondence with prisoners' families, sanitary conditions, and food in the camps are unfounded.

A VISIT TO THE INTERNMENT CAMP AT TINTOWN

April 20, 1923

This camp adjoins the barracks of the Curragh Camp at about twenty-five miles from Dublin.

Number of prisoners 3,200 men (average age 16 to 25 years).

Habitation. A series of barracks made of corrugated iron (each containing about fifty prisoners), in good condition, with French casement windows and stoves. Work is being carried on actively on the enlarging of this camp, where the prisoners

at present interned in prisons will be concentrated. Each prisoner is supplied with a bed, a wire-mattress, mattress, sheets, and three blankets. W. C.'s at thirty meters from the corresponding barracks. Wash houses with water supply in the inclosure of the camp. Baths with hot-water supply (baths and douches) in a special building, open at all times, and working at the time of my visit. Soap supplied. I was surprised to see that in spite of these facilities many prisoners neglected their own personal cleanliness.

Food. The kitchens are well run (one kitchen for four barracks), with a concrete floor. A dining-hall with tables and benches adjoining each kitchen. I was informed about the ration by the Q. M. of the camp. I was able to see for myself in the stores that the provisions are of good quality. Judging from the remains on the table after the mid-day meal, it is evident that the quantity of food supplied is amply sufficient.

Sanitary Situation. Sick, seventy-two men in the infirmary, twenty-five men in the surgical hospital. There are six wooden barracks used as an infirmary; these buildings are in good condition and well heated. The sanitary staff is composed of three medical doctors (Head Dr. Comdt. Maguire) and army nurses. A medical visit daily, which anyone wishing to see the doctor can attend. There are no epidemics. A certain number of men who arrived lately are affected with scurvy, and have been isolated from the rest while being treated. The sterilizers are installed in a stone work building and function permanently. The wounded who are submitted to surgical treatment are nursed outside the camp in a pavilion isolated from the barracks hospital. The rooms are fitted with every comfort and contain from four to five beds. The patients seem to be very grateful to the doctors for their devoted care and attention.

Correspondence. The prisoners are authorized to send two letters weekly to their families; these letters are censored by the camp authorities. The parcels addressed to the prisoners are delivered to them. I have seen several men open their parcels; and it is thus they receive tobacco, which is not supplied by the camp authorities.

Organization and Complaints. The prisoners themselves organize the interior service of the camp, kitchen, fatigue-duty, etc., and are responsible for material, which is not replaced in case of wilful destruction. I have not had any complaints to register concerning the food, medical care, or treatment, not having been authorized to question the prisoners. The men are not obliged to do any compulsory work, and are at liberty to walk about the inclosure of the camp. I was present at a football match.

Observations. My visit of inspection to the camp made a favorable impression on me. The conditions correspond with the normal treatment of prisoners of war, in conformity with the principles which inspired the convention of Geneva.

A VISIT TO THE INTERNMENT CAMP IN GORMANSTOWN, COUNTY MEATH

April 25, 1923

Number of prisoners, 1,500 (average age 16 to 25 years).

Habitation. The aviation camp was built during the war. The barracks are built of concrete, with double wooden walls, French casement windows, and means of heating installed. The whole is in good condition. There are about 500 prisoners in each barracks; in the old officers' barracks there are two or three beds in each room. Each prisoner is supplied with an iron bed, a mattress, and three blankets. Flush W. C.'s in the center of the inclosure. Wash houses and baths with hot-water supply.

Food. The kitchens and dining-halls in a special building. Same rations as the army.

Sanitary Situation. Sick, seven men in the infirmary. The infirmary and hospital in two special buildings. Medical doctors and army nurses. Medical visit daily. No epidemics.

Correspondence. One letter sent out weekly. Parcels and letters through the post are delivered.

Organization and Complaints. No compulsory work, except duty-service in the kitchen, etc., organized by the prisoners themselves. Large ground for recreation attached to the camp, surrounded by an iron railing.

Observations. Same observations as in the Tintown Camp. (See report of April 20, 1923.) Treatment of prisoners of war.

A VISIT TO THE INTERNMENT CAMP AT NEWBRIDGE, COUNTY KILDARE

April 18, 1923

Former cavalry barracks and eleven wooden huts. Number of prisoners, 1,969 men.

Accommodation. A large two-story building with dormitories containing twenty to thirty beds; a large two-story building (non-commissioned officers' quarters) with three to four beds in each room; stables transformed into dormitories of fifty beds and eleven wooden huts. Some of the doors and windows have been intentionally destroyed by the prisoners. Each prisoner is provided with an iron bed, pillow, mattress, sheets, and two blankets. Latrines are situated in all the buildings and in the center of the principal yard. There are lavatories with water installation (partly destroyed), hot-water baths, and douches always in working order. Soap is supplied.

Food. Three well-regulated kitchens with refectories containing tables and benches. The rations (see annex) were made known to me by the governor of the camp. The stores are well kept.

Sanitary Conditions. Patients, thirty men in the infirmary. The former recreation hall has been converted into an infirmary. A special apartment is set aside for the treatment of those suffering from the itch. The medical staff consists of two army doctors and several army nurses. There is a daily medical visit. No epidemics. Two disinfecting rooms are in working order.

Organization and Complaints. The same as Tintown (see report of April 20, 1923).

Correspondence. Reception and dispatch, one letter each week. Parcels are distributed regularly, but must be opened under supervision.

Observations. Same as Tintown (see report of April 20, 1923). Surveillance in the small rooms is difficult. There is a great difference in the neatness of the rooms. I remarked on this to the governor who replied that this depended entirely on the prisoners themselves.

A VISIT TO MOUNTJOY PRISON, DUBLIN

April 19, 1923

Number of prisoners, 700 (average age 30 years).

Habitation. Three longitudinal buildings looking out on a central square. Each building is composed of three stories, the cells opening on to an iron gallery. The cells are left open during the day; it is possible that the airing of the rooms may be insufficient when the doors are closed. The dimensions about two by three meters, occupied by two or three internees. Each prisoner is supplied with a mattress, and three blankets. In each building there are six flush W. C.'s. Wash houses and baths (about twenty baths) in the basement with hot and cold water.

Food. Kitchens in a special building situated in the inclosure. The rations (see annex) were communicated to me by the commissariat officer.

Sanitary Situation. Sick, fourteen men being treated in prison hospital. The sanitary staff is composed of a doctor and the Sisters of Charity. There are no cases of epidemics nor contagious diseases. Three sterilizers in the basement.

Correspondence. Authorization to send out two letters weekly, and to receive parcels, newspapers, and books.

Organization and Complaints. The interior service of the prison: kept clean by the prisoners themselves. Soap and materials supplied. There is a vast difference in the cleanliness of the cells. Some internees scour the floor, and keep their

blankets well beaten, while others take no care to keep their cells clean. Near the door that opens on to the inclosure (central building) there is a heap of rubbish that no one thinks it worth while removing. I have had no complaints to register concerning the food, medical care, or treatment, not having been authorized to question the internees. The prisoners are not obliged to do any compulsory work, and during the day are at liberty to walk about the corridors, galleries, and the square (thirty by forty meters) attached to each building.

Observations. The central building as well as the one on the right seem congested. The cells should not have more than two internees, and should be better ventilated. I was assured that as soon as the enlarging of the camp at Tintown was completed (in about two weeks) the prisoners would be transferred there. Treatment of prisoners of war, except as regards habitation.

R. A. HACCIOUS,

Delegate of Commission of International Red Cross

An Answer to the Red Cross

THE following analysis of the Red Cross Report was prepared and sent to us by Albinia Brodrick, an Irish Republican who has herself suffered imprisonment, has carried on a small hospital and dressing station for the wounded, and is associated with Mrs. Despard, president of the Prisoners' Defense League.

The report of M. Haccius, delegate from the International Committee of the Red Cross, sent to Ireland in response to many complaints on the subject of the treatment of Republican prisoners in Ireland, has produced consternation among those cognizant of the true state of affairs in our Irish prisons and internment camps.

That delegation was sent to conduct an inquiry, "completely non-political and technical," into the position of the said prisoners.

These prisoners were all under the control of the British Free State Government in Ireland, without exception. They were in military custody of the acknowledged army of that Government. Of the actions of that army, Richard Mulcahy, speaking in the Free State Parliament on June 1, said there was nothing that the Free State army had done that he was not fully and completely associated with. Mr. Mulcahy is the Minister for Defense in the Free State Government, and by that statement admitted his Government's responsibility for whatever treatment the army, or the Government itself, had dealt out to their prisoners, whether good, bad, or indifferent.

1. The report gives figures. These figures were furnished by the one party only, and that the party accused of maltreatment. They are incorrect. M. Haccius states the number of women imprisoned in his report as 250 for the whole of Ireland. There were, at the time of his visit, 325 women prisoners in the prisons of Mountjoy and Kilmainham alone, who were immediately afterwards transferred to the North Dublin Union, where I met them. Eighty other women prisoners were then transferred to Kilmainham, chiefly from provincial prisons, while an unknown number were still retained in provincial prisons. There was thus a *known* number of between four and five hundred women prisoners, at a time when the figure furnished to M. Haccius was 250.

2. The report states that the "Government" gave the delegate all facilities for visiting the prisons and internment camps of the country and for making a report on the treatment of those detained in them. Despite their general permission, the delegate visited three only of the internment camps, those of Gormans-town, Newbridge, and Tintown (he does not mention which of the Tintown camps), and the male portion of *one* prison—that of Mountjoy. He visited no female prison; and he left unvisited prisons such as Tralee, Dundalk, Killarney, Ballybricken, Kil-

kenny, Maryborough, Templemore, the basements of the Cork Courthouse, the Victoria and Custume Barracks, Athlone, and others of similar reputation throughout the country.

3. M. Haccius was authorized (apparently by the International Committee) to visit the prison camps solely from the point of view of their material organization and the sanitary condition of the prisoners. Very grave complaints had been made to the committee of grievous mishandling and of the murder of prisoners in the prisons. Why was not this included within the scope of the inquiry?

4. M. Haccius did not question the prisoners. Without doing so, how could he hope to arrive at any clear idea of facts? He depended for his "facts" apparently on the statements made by the "Government"—the party most interested, as the accused party, in proving that the condition alike of prisons, prisoners, and camps was satisfactory. Why did he not question the prisoners? Again, what value can be attached to statements repeated by him from the mouth of the one interested party?

5. M. Haccius especially calls the attention of the committee to the fact that he nowhere found a sick or wounded prisoner left without treatment, and that on the contrary he found everywhere a carefully organized sanitary service. He specially states as regards Tintown that the sick seem to be very grateful to the doctors for the devoted manner in which they care for them. How came M. Haccius by this information without questioning the prisoners? How does he judge of whether men are sick or wounded? Is he qualified to tell at a glance as he passes by the 7,369 prisoners that they are all in good health and unwounded? In the absence of conversation with the prisoners even a well-qualified medical man would be in no position to say as much. How was he aware of the prisoners' gratitude? Did he see it in their eyes? As regards the medical service, did he ascertain whether the gentlemen employed were medical men? Did it occur to him that the hospitals in Tintown, with ninety-seven patients, should have been properly staffed with fully trained nurses? How did he know that the sanitary service was properly carried out? What about the dung-heap which he saw near the door of the principal building in Mountjoy? In one of the places he inspected he gives figures from which it is obvious that there is but one latrine to every one hundred and sixteen men. Is M. Haccius not aware that this is a gravely inadequate number?

6. M. Haccius did not visit Kilmainham. He however tells us in spite of this fact that he has no reason to suppose that the treatment is different from that in Mountjoy. He adds that there are 250 women imprisoned there—that is, the full number said to be imprisoned in all Ireland. Was M. Haccius not informed that there are women prisoners in Mountjoy? If so, why did he neglect to visit that part of the prison? If he was not so informed, what was the reason for concealing the fact on the part of the Free State Government? What value can we place on the report—without investigation—that M. Haccius "*has no reason to believe*"? His duty was to deal with facts, not suppositions. B. Wing, of Kilmainham, condemned long since as unfit for British tommies, is notorious.

7. The delegate did not visit the North Dublin Union. This does not prevent the International Committee from reporting that the buildings are in process of being prepared for the reception of the female prisoners from Kilmainham, again omitting any mention of those in Mountjoy. He adds that those buildings and the adjoining garden will fulfil all necessary hygienic conditions. I was a prisoner in the North Dublin Union. One bath per hundred women, a gross insufficiency of water for personal hygiene, and an almost impossibility of washing underclothes through want of water, did not appear to me, as a trained sanitary inspector, to fulfil all necessary hygienic conditions. It may be added that the floors were filthy, the lavatories wet, and the huge dustbins left for weeks unemptied. As a matter of decency it may also be noted that the young sentries had a full view of all that went on both in the prison hospital and in the dormitories, through the windows, bare of blinds or curtains.

The dormitories were overcrowded, in spite of which the girls had no other room in which to sit by day when the weather was bad.

8. The delegate states that raids have been made on private hospitals, but that the normal functioning of these hospitals has not been interfered with. That is possibly true—but how does he know it? He records no visits to these or any but the actual camp prison hospitals. He also makes no allusion to the results of these violent cataclysms on the condition of the patients, many of whom were recovering from surgical operations, recently performed.

9. The delegate definitely states that the stoppage of correspondence and the complaints as to food and sanitation are unfounded. Whence does he get this information? It cannot, as regards the correspondence, have been supplied by the prisoners, whom he did not question and whose families have suffered grievous anxiety from the frequent stoppage of letters and the inability to send parcels of much-needed food. Even the fact of his seeing parcels does not preclude the suspicion that he may have chanced upon a fortunate day. The matter of constant stoppage of both letters and parcels is widespread and notorious. I was unable while in the North Dublin Union to send or receive parcels or letters, as were the remaining 325 women. This state of affairs continued long after I left.

10. As far as food is concerned, M. Haccius tells us frankly that he repeats the list of rations given him by the governor, superintendent, and quartermaster responsible for the camps. He did not question the prisoners, and could not therefore ascertain whether the amounts noted on the list reached the prisoners, nor yet whether they were of the right quality. If they were not (and there have been many complaints) this might account for the amount left over which he noted in one instance.

11. As to sanitation. Considering the single latrine noted to each 116 men in the one case, without comment from the delegate; considering that in the remaining cases the number of latrines is not mentioned and that there is only one allusion to their condition, it appears unwise to accept his conclusions as regards the sanitary condition of the camps. At Newbridge M. Haccius notes of the latrines "partially sabotaged by the prisoners." Is this another unsupported statement of the accused, or did he obtain information also from the prisoners whom he did not question?

12. M. Haccius maintains that the spirit of hostility in the treatment of prisoners is conspicuous by its absence. From what grounds does he draw this general conclusion? Not from the prisoners, with whom he did not converse. It can, therefore, once more have been only from the accused party, to whose interest and advantage it would be to make the matter appear thus.

Every sane person who has even an elementary knowledge of prisons and prisoners in Ireland—much more those who have experienced the difficulties attending an independent investigation into any alleged misconduct by government officials, under direct government authority, must necessarily feel that the Red Cross International Committee is on its trial as a consequence of this so-called investigation and report.

Admittedly there were difficulties. If they were of such a character as to prevent honest investigation, it was open to the Red Cross delegate to withdraw, stating his reasons. More, it was his duty. He did not withdraw. He visited out of the whole of Ireland three camps and half a prison. He took evidence from the accused party only, although the accusing party desired nothing better than to bring their evidence before him. The president of the Prisoners' Defense League was not informed of his presence in Ireland. The Consul of the Irish Republic in Paris was left equally ignorant, although both had sent in requests for the intervention of the Red Cross. The evidence of no person was taken which could have borne out the complaints.

Notwithstanding this, definite conclusions are stated, both by the delegate and by the International Committee, conclusions

based on the evidence of the accused party alone. As such, they are worthless.

Does the statement of the committee on page 608 of their *International Review* for June: "We extract from the report presented by our delegate the following statements," mean that we have not even now got before us the full report? It looks very like it. If not, why not?

The credit of the Red Cross is at stake. Neither at Gormans-town, nor in Mountjoy did the prisoners by their own account see any Red Cross delegate.

The difficulties, frankly to be acknowledged, attending inspection and the taking of evidence under such circumstances, should have made the delegate doubly careful. Has he been misled by the accused party? We hope so. But he will need to prove it, and to admit it. In any case, the Red Cross International Committee will be wise to investigate the matter with care and openly, if they are to escape with credit from a painful situation.

Watch for the special

Russian Number of The Nation

dated November 7, 1923

Further announcement next week.

KARL MARX'S CAPITAL

Greatest work on economics ever written. It is an elaborate analysis of the existing system under which wealth is produced and distributed. Three large volumes, over 2500 pages, with an extended alphabetical index for ready reference. Price \$7.50, by insured mail or at book stores. Catalog free.

CHARLES H. KERR & CO., 347 East Ohio Street, Chicago

Second London Edition

LET FRANCE EXPLAIN

By FREDERICK BAUSMAN

George Allen & Unwin, Ltd.
Publishers, London

Reviewed and discussed in every part of the world. The most talked of book on the origins of the war. Further astonishing documents in this new edition

The Nation, New York
\$2.85 postpaid

